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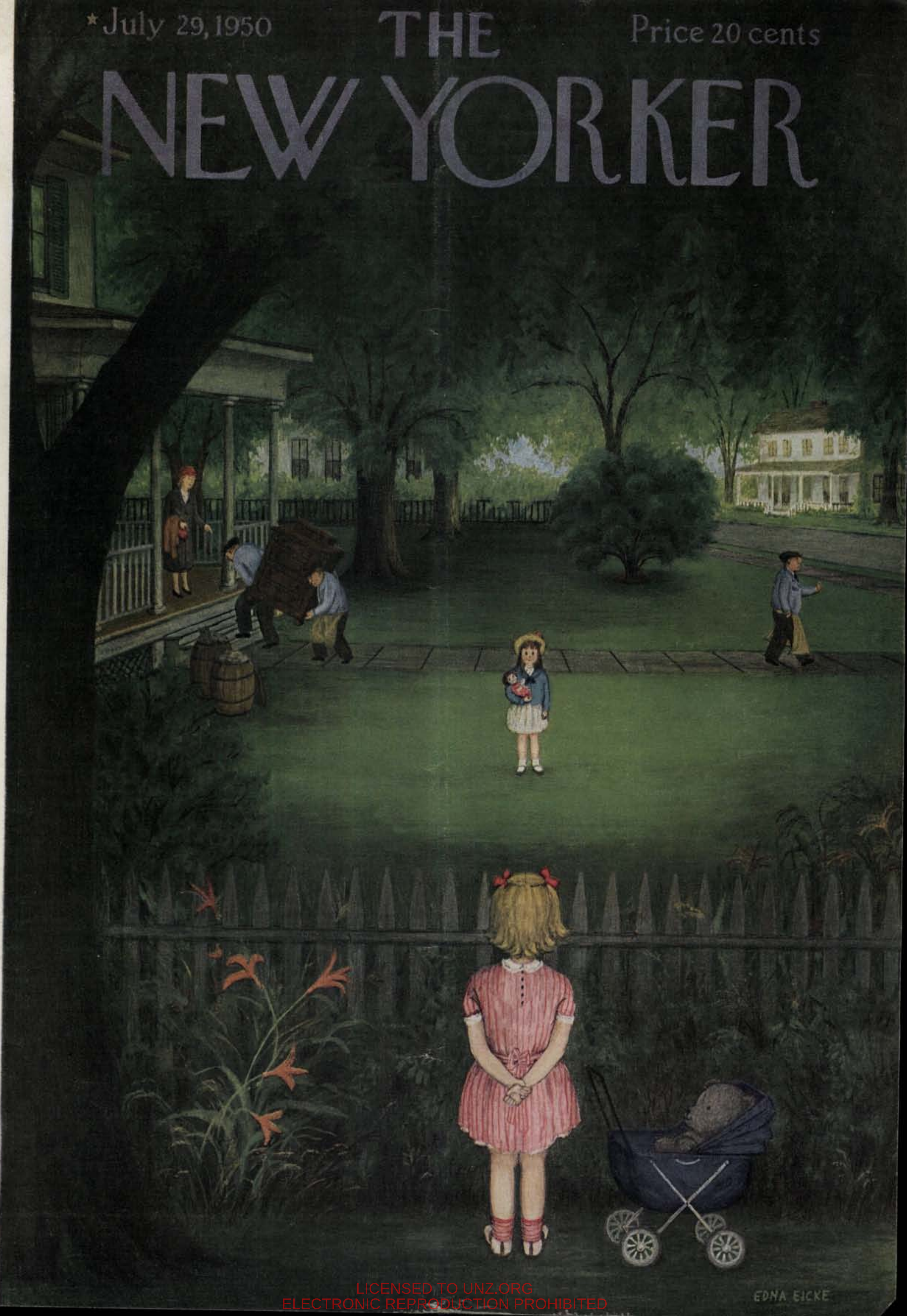
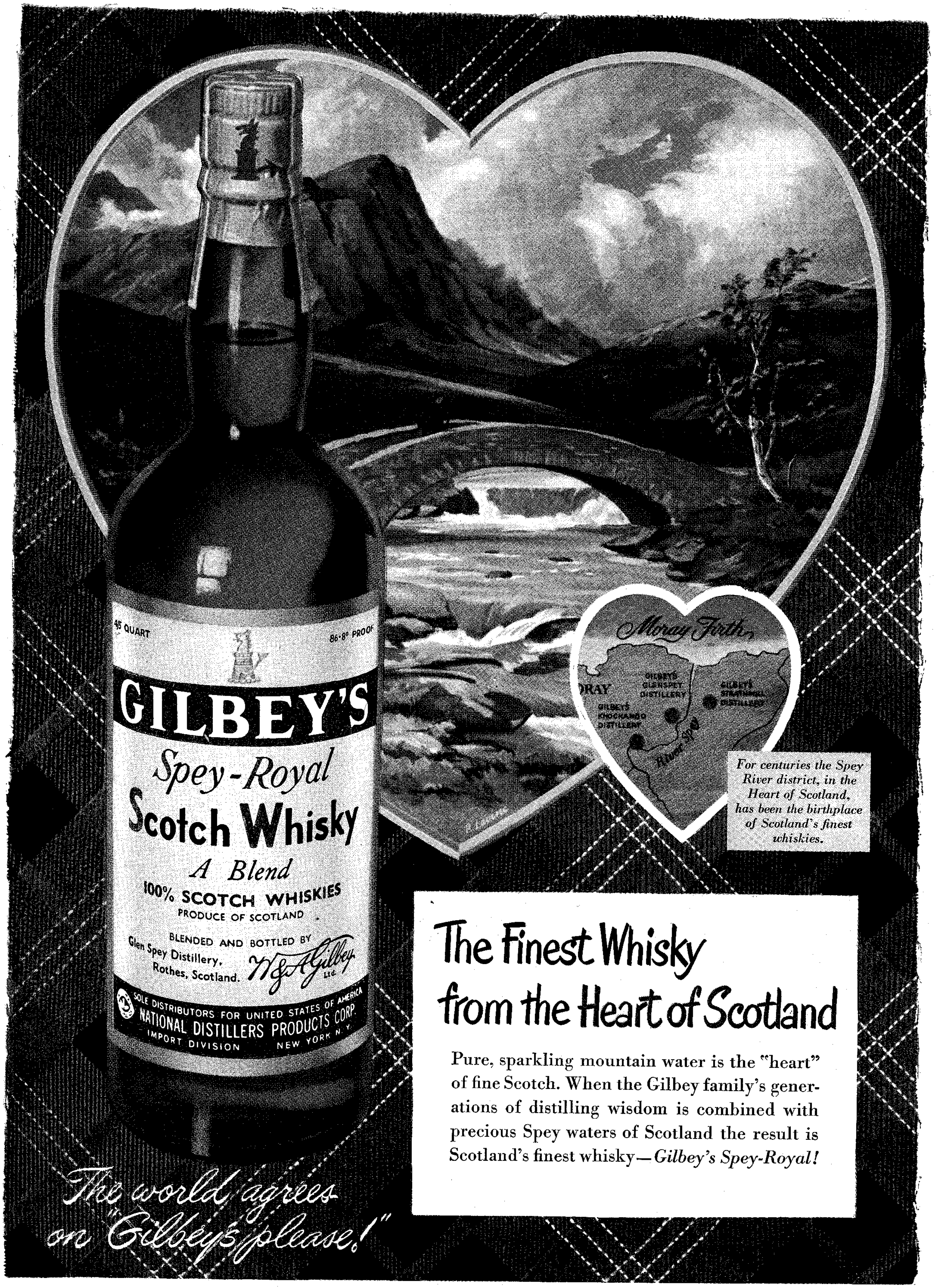
THE NEW YORKER

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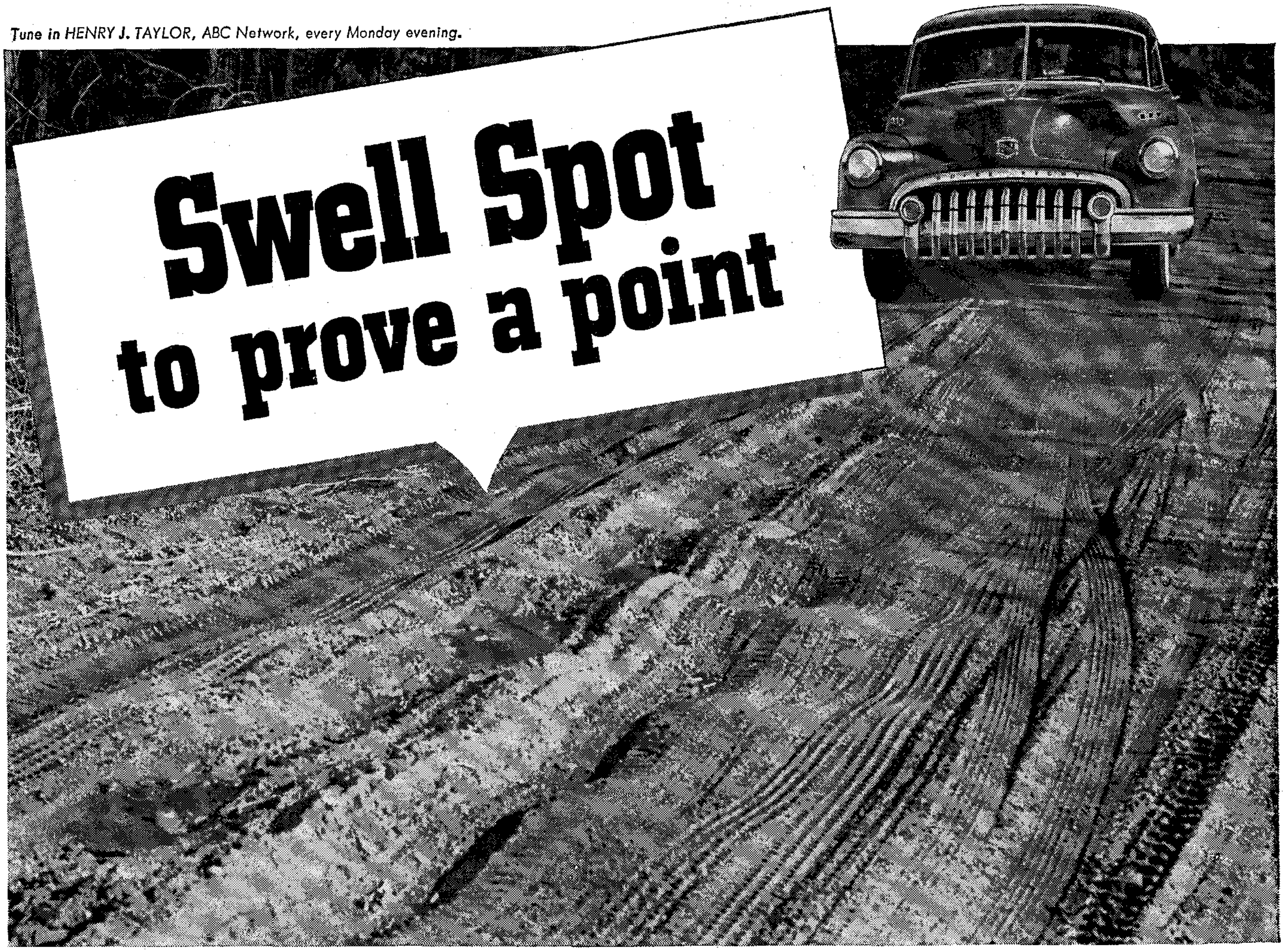

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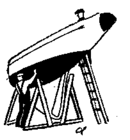
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Wallace Ford have the leads in this occasionally exciting play, which has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in supporting roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 29.)

The Happy Time—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in Mr. Todd's scuffle with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of beautiful girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical, and on Monday, July 31, Ted Scott will replace Mr. Andes. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Moves on Monday, July 31, to the Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Parisienne—A comedy by Ashley Dukes adapted from a play by Henry Becque, the first in a series of four classic plays to be produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden, in association with Harriett Ames. Directed by Mr. Wanamaker. Faye Emerson, Francis Lederer, Romney Brent, and Helmut Dantine play the leading roles. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Aug. 5.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Chandler Cowles, and directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, Aug. 12.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, July 29: "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "The Corn Is Green." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 29: Burgess Meredith in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Raymond Massey in "Our Town." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 29: Guy Kibbee in "The Old Soak." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 29: "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-5: "The Petrified Forest." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 29: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Clutterbuck." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 29: Zero Mostel in "The Imaginary Invalid." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Ian Keith in "The Play's the Thing." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 29: Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in a new play, "Traveller's Joy." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 30: "Born Yesterday." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "January Thaw." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, July 30: "The Red Mill." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: Mimi Benzell in "Naughty Marietta." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 29: Luise Rainer in "The Lady from the Sea." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in a new play, "Traveller's Joy." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 29:

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 23, July 29, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

Carol Stone and Jack Whiting in "The Gay Divorce." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Edward Everett Horton in a new play, "His French Wife." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, July 29: Martha Scott in "Another Language." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Beatrice Pearson in "Arms and the Man." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 29: "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "No More Ladies." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 29: "Life with Father." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Through Sunday, July 30: "Song of Norway." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "The Vagabond King." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 30: "Anything Goes." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "Nanette." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 29: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 29: Nancy Andrews and David Burns in a new musical, "Break It Up." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: To be announced. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"Naughty Marietta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 29: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Nancy Carroll in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 29: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Estelle Winwood in "Hay Fever." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, July 29, at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 27: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday, July 28: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, July 29: "Nathan the Wise." Tuesday, Aug. 1: "Skipper Next to God." Wednesday, Aug. 2: "Nathan the Wise." Thursday, Aug. 3: "Thunder on the Left." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: "The Cherry Orchard." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 29: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Victor Jory in "The Spider." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 29: James Dunn in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 29: Scott McKay in "The Live Wire," a new comedy by Garson Kanin. Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Just Around the Corner," a new musical. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 30: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: Luise Rainer in "The Lady from the Sea." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 30: "Born Yesterday." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "You Can't Take It with You." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "The Glass Menagerie." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 29: "Ladies in Arms." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Anna Christie." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga—Through Saturday, July 29: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 29: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 29: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Fay Bainter and Ian Keith in "Nothing Serious," a new comedy by P. G. Wodehouse. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 29: "Claudia." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: "The Man." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 29: "Both Your Houses." Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 29: Mildred Dunnock and Don Hanmer in "Within a Glass Bell," a new play by William Marchant. Monday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 5: Florence Reed in "The Long Days," a new play by Davis Snow. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 30: "The Late Christopher Bean." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "On Approval." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Worcester—Through Sunday, July 30: "George Washington Slept Here." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 1-6: "The Silver Whistle." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 29: Iva Kitchell, La Meri, and Mia Slavenska and her company, with Anna Istomina and Nikita Talin. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-5: La Meri and Peter di Falco, Bocchino and his company, and Myra Kinch. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays at 9, Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Ballet programs, including several new works, with the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Company, José Limón and his company, Pauline Koner, Pearl Primus, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sundays at 4:30; through Sunday, Aug. 20. For information about tickets, address the American Dance Festival, Connecticut College, New London.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, has Jules Lande's band, except on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Through Saturday, Aug. 5, Tommy Dorsey's rug-cutter music. Alan Holmes' band fills in the chinks nicely. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra during cocktails, except Sundays, "under the clock," and at dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, in mothballs for a few seasons, is again in operation, offering the dance band of Bob Collum and the best view west of Mount Everest. The view begins at six, the band at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels, or Harry Richman without a walking stick. The Mad Moiselles, three odd and rampageous hoydens, are also on hand. Dance music now and then, and the perennial Cliff Jackson at the piano during the interludes.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Another large-scale Copa production. Mindy Carson, for whom life began here last year, is back to sing again; Romo Vincent is the comic; the DiGatanos are the dancers; and there is also that line of showgirls. Dance music, too. On Thursday, Aug. 3, another motley parade moves in.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Harry Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The native handicrafts—gilding of lilies, and the like—are of great interest to connoisseurs of the urban arts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, twice a night, has an ice show involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay. Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre, and reappears at dinner and supper. Bernice Byres sings a few songs and Pancho Pistolas plays passionate guitar.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing, and closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's band and the piano team of Forrest and Margaret Perrin. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—From dinnertime on, the Roof, big, pink, beautiful, and mannerly, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras zipping up and down on their moving platforms, and party dresses sashaying up and down the floor. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Shep Fields' band is in the Café Rouge for dinner and supper dancers. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An astonishing mixture of those who are never going to let go of their first childhood and those who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Suzy Mulligan is the establishment's singing mascot. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Nature's noblemen (and noblewomen) at ease with the bees in the breeze by the trees. Dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A good substitute for a summer in that dream château on the Loire. This one has air-conditioning, Emile Petti's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, Don Cornell's songs (this time of year, the Versailles gives its farm-club pitchers a bit of big-league experience), and other modern trimmings.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at dinner and supper, Griff Williams' large orchestra plays for dancing, and Phil Spitalny's Ladies' Guild indulges in fairly elaborate calisthenics. On Sundays, no show, but Mischa Borr's band works until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eadie and Rack, co-inventors of the most beguiling piano music in town, have this alcove all to themselves this summer. They're around from nine o'clock on, except Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. ... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Nicolas Matthey's trio plays prowler string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkles along after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed plays piano.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Christine Barrett's fledgling soprano and Jimmy Lee's slightly tired pianologues. Hazel Webster and Harold Fonville play piano.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of inspirational décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on. Muriel Gaines looks in at suppertime to deliver her worldly opinion of the stuff that makes laughingstocks out of locksmiths. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is back with her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood will start contributing a report on their researches in the field of humor. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays.... **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, fresh as a daisy and still three times as handsome, conducts a very sassy song recital here twice every evening but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

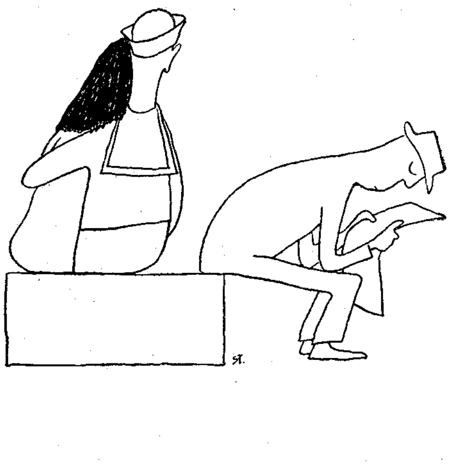
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison flexes his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon add their own hot licks. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Ella Fitzgerald's well-remembered voice, Illinois Jacquet's frantic high dive into his saxophone, and Cy Coleman's modernist instrumental trio. Closed Mondays.... **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's peppery trio, awakening long-dormant echoes in the Mermaid Room.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Something is always going on here. Right now, it's Charlie Parker's new band, equipped with some string instruments (whither bop now?), as well as Dizzy Gillespie's shrill trumpet and Coleman Hawkins' long-absent saxophone. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On July 28, Wild Bill Davison's blowhards (Rex Stewart, Buster Bailey, James P. Johnson, and George Wettling) vs. Oran Page's cacophonists (Sidney de Paris, Benny Morton, Tony Sbarbaro, and John Kirby).... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (July 28), Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, plus Willie the Lion Smith, Kansas Fields, and Munn Ware. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra and (through Sunday, July 30) Kitty Kallen, one of those Broadway song stylists; closed Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays.... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998).... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays.... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays.... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered around 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery artists as Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through Aug. 15.... **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: Water colors and prints by around eighty European and American artists; through July 29. Open Saturdays, 9 to 12:30. ... **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan, William Kienbusch, and Karl Schrag, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1.... **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9.

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the last half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

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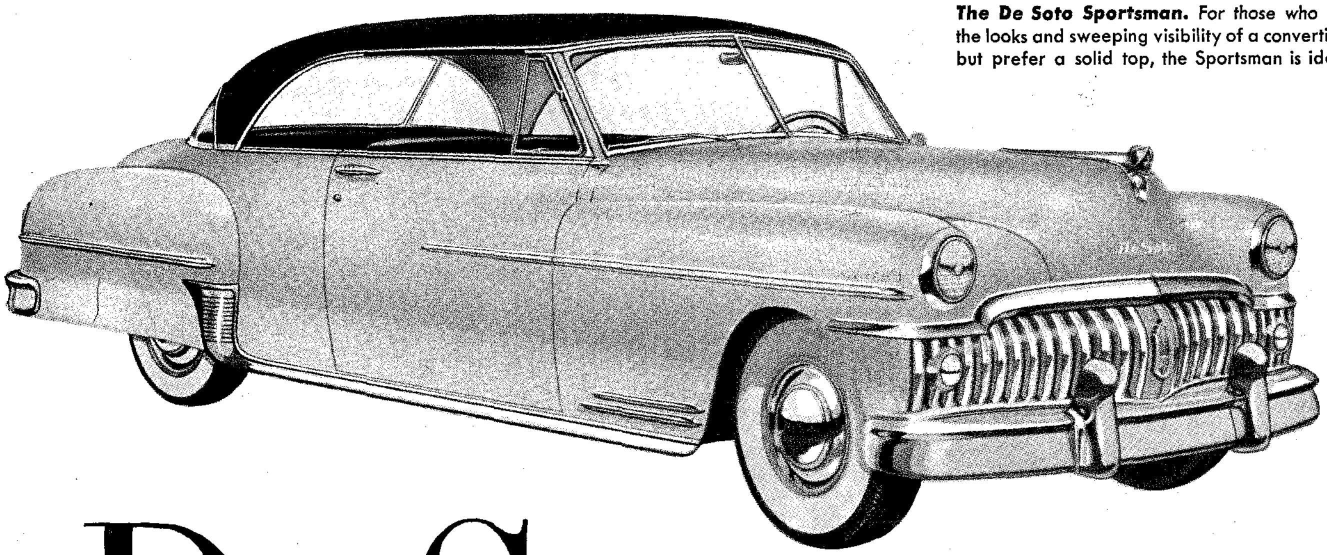

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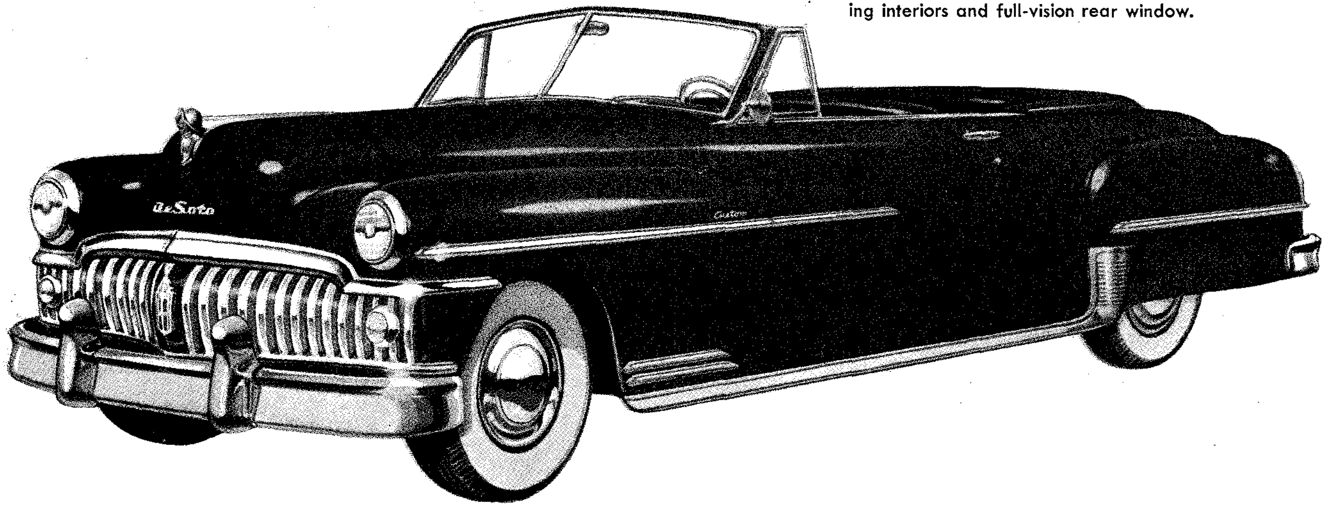

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French Line sailings from New York (to Plymouth and Le Havre) and minimum one-way fares: **Liberté**, Aug. 25; Sept. 14; Oct. 5, 26; Nov. 11, 29; Dec. 16; First Class, $340; Cabin, $220; Tourist, $165. **Ile de France**, Aug. 3, 19; Sept. 6, 23; Oct. 14, 31; Nov. 18; Dec. 7; *First Class*, $335; *Cabin*, $220; *Tourist*, $165. **De Grasse**, Aug. 19; Sept. 11; Oct. 4; First Class, $235; Cabin, $180. • **Other French Line offices:** Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Halifax, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D. C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of the late Norwegian Edvard Munch, one of the forerunners of Expressionism; through Aug. 13.... ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24.... **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4.... **DENNIS, MASS.** Cape Arts Center: Sculpture by Arnold Geissbuhler, and oils by a group of contemporaries, including Hans Hofmann and Karl Knaths. Daily, 9 to noon, 1:30 to 4:30, and 6:30 to 10; through July 31. ... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Oils and water colors by several artists associated with the Knoedler gallery, among them Wing Howard, Ernest Fiene, and Eugene Berman. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Aug. 1.... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: A members' group show. Daily, 1 to 5; through Aug. 20.... **GLOUCESTER, MASS.** North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17.... **NORWALK, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Summer in the Country," a group show. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 5.... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual national exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4.... **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: Forty-ninth annual summer showing. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 20.... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Chaim Gross, Sol Wilson, Maurice Sterne, and others. Daily, 10 to 10; through July 30.... **ROCKLAND, MAINE.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Revington Arthur, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30.... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Aug. 1.... **SALISBURY, CONN.** George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. ... **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: A group exhibition by local artists. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; through Aug. 13.... **STONY BROOK, L.I.** Suffolk Museum: A loan show of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer. Wednesdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30; through Aug. 13.... **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Eugene Speicher, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Doris Lee, and others. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 2.

MUSIC

IN TOWN

Stadium Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are being given on most clear nights at 8:30, through Saturday, Aug. 5. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 27: Pierre Monteux conducting, with the First Piano Quartet.... ¶ Saturday, July 29: Robert Stolz conducting, with Irra Petina, mezzo-soprano, and Kurt Baum, tenor.... ¶ Monday, July 31: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1: Vladimir Golschmann conducting; no soloist.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Jeanne Mitchell, violin, and Balbina Brainina, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Salvatore Del Isola conducting an all-Rodgers-and-Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Juilliard Concerts—Thursday, July 27: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1: Joseph Raieff, piano.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2: Robert Hufstader directing a program of vocal chamber music.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4. The series will continue through Thursday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

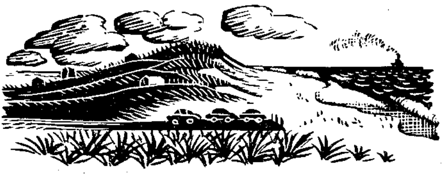
Salmaggi Opera—Saturday, July 29: "Carmen." ... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: "Rigoletto." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13. No concert Monday, July 31.) ... ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday, July 29, at 8.) ... ¶ Naumberg Memorial Concert, Everett Lee conducting, with Nathan Goldstein, violin. (Monday, July 31, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—BOSTON SYMPHONY—Thursday, July 27, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist.... ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist.... ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 3: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: Victor de Sabata conducting; no soloist.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Victor de Sabata conducting; no soloist.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 3: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist.... **OPERA**—Monday, July 31: Lukas Foss conducting his own opera, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and selections from other operas.... ¶ The American première of "Le Roi d'Yvetot," by Jacques Ibert, will be presented on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 7-8, at 8:15. For information about tickets, which must be procured at least a week in advance, address the Berkshire Music Center. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Quartet—A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)



SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 27, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, July 28, at 8:30; Saturday, July 29, at 2 (doubleheader); Sunday, July 30, at 2:05; and Monday, July 31, at 8:30. ... ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2.... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 28, at 8:30; Saturday, July 29, at 2:30; and Sunday, July 30, at 1:30. Before the Sunday game, a number of Giant old-timers, among them Mel Ott, Carl Hubbell, and Freddie Fitzsimmons, will warm up the diamond with three furious innings against such former Cardinal stalwarts as Dizzy Dean, Pepper Martin, and Terry Moore.... ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 1-2, at 2:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:30.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Through Saturday, July 29.) ... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 3-6.)

Motorboat Racing—National Sweepstakes. (Redbank, N. J. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5-6.)

Racing—SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 29. The Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. The Choice Stakes, Saturday, July 29; the Omnibus Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 2; and the Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at 11:45; it is met by buses for the track.) ... **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Weekdays at 2:30, from Monday, July 31, through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Flash, Monday, July 31; the Wilson, Tuesday, Aug. 1; the Test, Friday, Aug. 4; and the United States Hotel and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, July 30.) ... ¶ Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Through Sunday, July 30.) ... ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 6.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26.

Yachting—Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 28-29.) ... ¶ Quincy Yacht Club Regatta. (Quincy, Mass. Sunday, July 30.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carrol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could wish. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Asphalt Jungle—John Huston's film about wicked doings in a Middle Western city. An impressive item, featuring, among others, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 28. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 29. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; July 29-Aug. 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting Aug. 2.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian picture, made by Vittorio De Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—How the Berlin blockade was broken, a film that includes a good deal of standard romantic stuff but has to its credit authentic scenes of the United States Air Force in action. The professional actors involved are led by Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 28.)

The Fallen Idol—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world in which illicit love and violent death figure prominently. A British picture, and a fine one. Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan participate. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Aug. 2.)

In a Lonely Place—Dirty work in Hollywood, with Humphrey Bogart playing a screenwriter, more hysterical than most, who seems to be the bounder responsible for doing in a harmless hat-check girl. Diffuse but diverting. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved in this one. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Aug. 2.)

The Men—A forthright approach to the problems of paraplegic veterans. Marlon Brando is splendid as the hero of the piece, and gets plenty of help from Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, and forty-five residents of a government hospital in California. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Aug. 2, tentative.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British job having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Run for Your Money—Alec Guinness in an English film concerned with the adventures of a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A spotty affair, but Mr. Guinness is worth seeing. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; July 28-31, tentative. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 31. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 31.)

The Third Man—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Aug. 2.)

Three Came Home—The performances of Claudette Colbert and Sessue Hayakawa make this war picture, about a lady incarcerated by the Japs, better than average. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 1.)

The Winslow Boy—An absorbing review of the manner in which a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. A British film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All My Sons (1948)—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an unscrupulous industrialist who makes the most of business in wartime. With Edward G. Robinson and Burt Lancaster. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 29.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's classic of that other, long-ago war. Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through July 31, tentative.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly capers in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 2, tentative.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 30-Aug. 1.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers rampant around a race track. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 2, tentative.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through July 31, tentative.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 2, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 30: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Starting July 31: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Jean Hersholt. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Aug. 2: "Duchess of Idaho," Esther Williams, Van Johnson, John Lund.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Aug. 2 (tentative): "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
July 27: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "The Life of Giuseppe Verdi" (in Italian), revival.
July 28-29: "Amami, Alfredo" (in Italian), revival; and "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo.
July 30-31: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Italo Tajo; and "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
Aug. 1-2: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), Enzo Mascherini; and another feature, to be announced.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Aug. 2 (tentative): **THE MEN.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Aug. 2 (tentative): "711 Ocean Drive," Edmond O'Brien, Joanne Dru.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Broken Arrow," James Stewart.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

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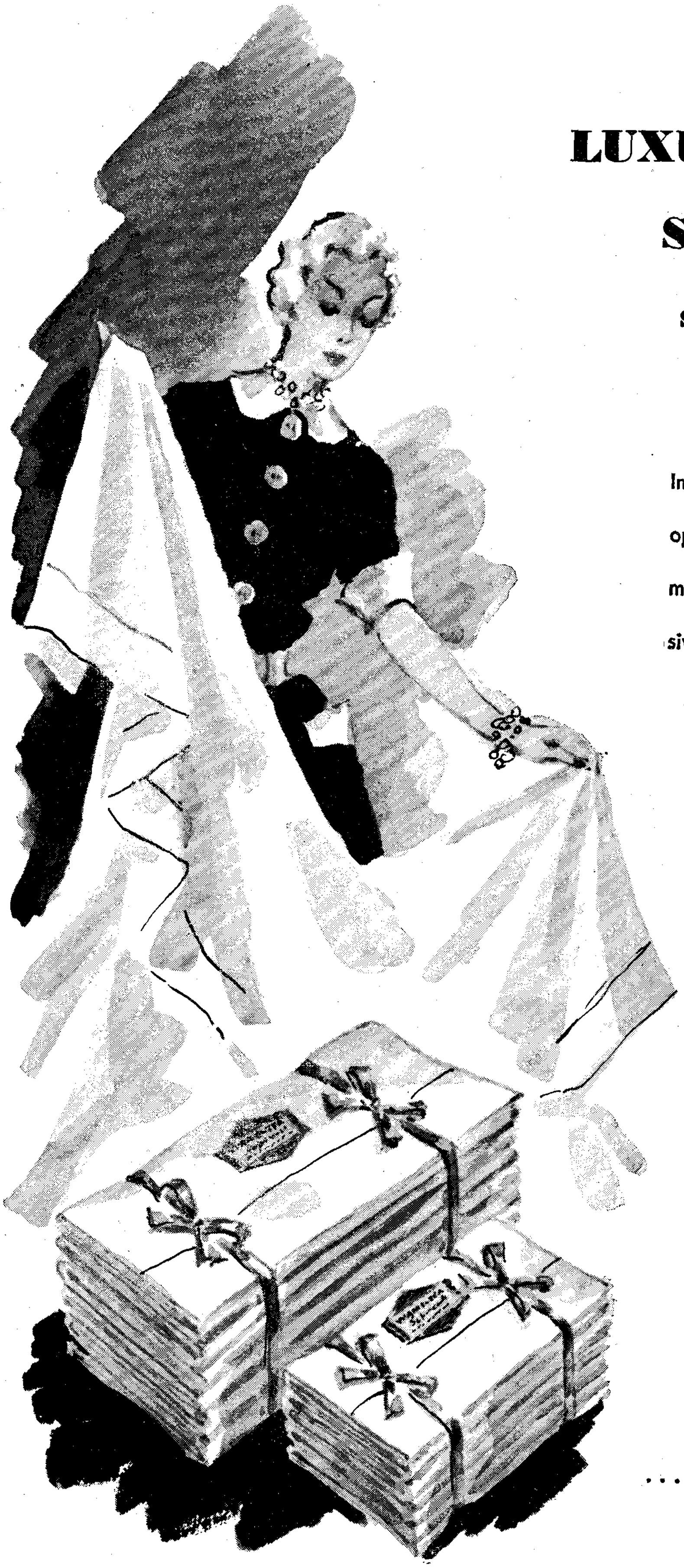

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90x108 in.	7.20	**6.35**
108x122½ in.	14.75	**12.85**
case, 45x38½ in.	1.60	**1.40**
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63x108 in.	5.60	**5.00**
72x108 in.	6.15	**5.50**
81x108 in.	6.85	**6.15**
90x108 in.	7.60	**6.70**
108x122½ in.	15.45	**13.30**
case, 45x38½ in.	1.85	**1.60**
Scalloped hem sheets:		
72x108 in.	6.95	**6.15**
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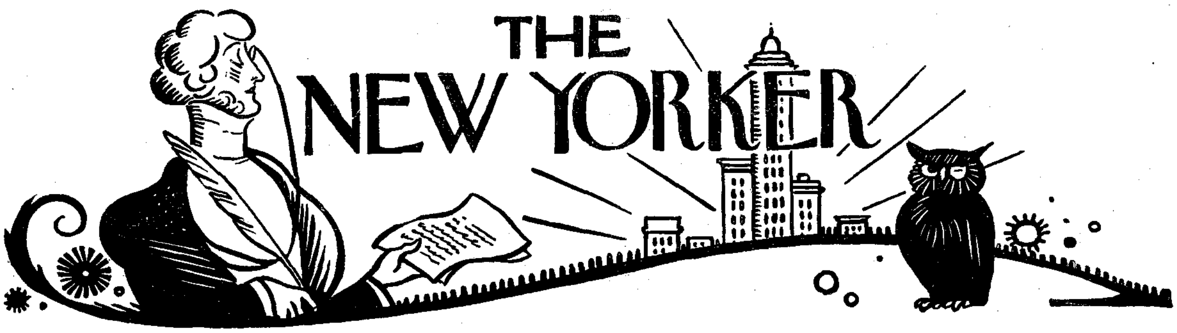
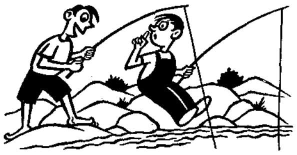


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN it comes to the commercialization of creative talent, painters have always had a particularly tough time of it. The latest evidence of this involves Nicolai Cikovsky, one of whose works has been reproduced for mass consumption by the Associated American Artists Galleries. The Galleries, in advertising the event, reveal that the painting ("magnificent . . . monumental . . . absolutely indistinguishable from the original") sells for twelve dollars, and the frame designed to hold it sells for twenty-four.

THANKS to a downtown acquaintance, we have before us the latest annual report of the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, a forty-eight-page booklet. As a friend of private industry, we note with satisfaction that in 1949 the passenger revenue of the system went up 9.16 per cent. As a friend of trout fishermen, however, whose season is now in full swing, we have examined with bewilderment the report's front cover—a glossy color photograph depicting a train, pulled by a red, yellow, and green diesel locomotive, rounding the bend at Butler's Bluff, near Noel, Missouri. A stream is in the foreground, and in it, scarcely thirty feet from the engine, stands an angler playing a fly rod. His back is to the approaching streamliner, and his expression is serene and anticipatory, as though he were confidently expecting a strike any moment. But can he be, with the thundering train practically at his elbow? We recall our youthful fishing days—our companions' exhortations to silence, our tense feeling that a cracking branch or an inadvertent splash might scare our quarry to hell and gone. Are Missouri trout more phlegmatic than New England trout? Are Kansas City Southern trains quieter than those of the New York, New Haven & Hartford? Or is the fisherman a photographer's model, briefly stationed there to turn a stockholder's fancy to thoughts of sport and thus induce the notion that a business whose chief revenue derives from the hauling of gravel, sand, stone, oil, manufactured goods, and bituminous coal (so says the report) is importantly mixed up with outdoor fun? Sitting around in an air-conditioned office on a hot July day, we are apt to ask ourself questions like that.



Pest

IN a formal note, the Russians recently accused the United States of scattering the Colorado potato beetle by plane over farms in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Secretary Acheson didn't dignify the accusation with a reply, but the United States Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, extending his sympathy to potato farmers who had to fight the plague, took occasion to deny that American planes were responsible, and pointed out "the inherent unsuitability of the potato bug as an instrument of national policy." The bug in question, known to scientists as *Leptinotarsa decemlineata* and to the Russian press as "the six-legged ambassador of Wall Street," was reported in parts of Central Europe as early as 1922. About the only people who have profited by its unexpected injection into Russo-American relations are the Department of Agriculture entomologists in Washington, who try zealously to keep their records as up to date as possible and had been uncertain how far east in Europe the potato bug had spread.

The bug was discovered back in 1824, in the foothills of Colorado, by an explorer and naturalist named Thomas Say. In those days, it fed on sand nettles, which are distant connections of the potato family, and wild tomato plants. Domestic Irish potatoes, which were extensively planted in the West during the eighteen-thirties and forties, proved a gastronomic delight to the bug. It learned to detect potato plants by their odor and soon devoted itself to their leaves. It started flying East, assisted by the prevailing winds—a Colorado potato beetle so aided can fly ten miles or more—and reached Missouri by 1850, Ohio by 1869, and the Eastern seaboard by 1874, whereupon it headed north and south. It had reached Canada by 1880 and Florida by 1890. It now is to be found munching on potato plants in every state of the Union, having made its way westward, too, bucking head winds. It is oval, convex, about three-eighths of an inch long, and predominantly yellow, with ten black stripes on its wing covers and black marks on its thorax. If touched while on a plant leaf, it simply lets go and falls off—defense mechanism: If a bird doesn't get a bug at his first peck, the bug isn't there for a second. The potato bug was at its worst in this country from around 1880 until 1910, when Nature began to readjust her balance. During that period, Nature was briefly aided by a resourceful pitchman who made the rounds of autumn agricultural fairs in the West selling, for a quarter, what he guaranteed to be certain death to the bugs. This was contained in an envelope bearing the emphatic warning "DO NOT OPEN UNTIL READY TO USE." A potato grower of Greeley, Colorado, having invested heavily in the remedy and being unable to wait until the following season to open one of his envelopes, found in it a small block of wood dyed red, a small block dyed green, and an instruction sheet reading, "Place the potato bug on the red block and press firmly with the green block." The pitchman was taken into custody but talked his way out of jail, and, what is more remarkable, out of town.

By 1910, a number of birds had developed a taste for the Colorado potato beetle, among the fancier ones being yellow-billed cuckoos, rose-breasted grosbeaks, and quail. It turned out, too, that turkeys and chickens liked nothing better than to stroll up and down the rows of a potato patch, feeding on both larvae and adult beetles. To this day, agricultural experts advise farmers with small patches of potatoes to leave the battle of the bug to domestic fowl. Big potato growers are advised to use a spray of Paris green or arsenate of lead, and to rotate their crops in order to confuse the enemy. The Colorado potato beetle no longer threatens disaster in this country, but the situation is different in Europe, where Nature's readjustment hasn't begun to catch up with it. The potato bug infested England and the Continent shortly after the First World War, having been carried abroad by accident in huge shipments of potatoes sent by the Hoover Commission. At one time, it was grouped with the genus *Doryphora decemlineata*, which includes several species of beetles native to Europe, and the French referred to it as a *doryphore*, which they still do. One of the consequences of the outbreak of the last war was a shortage of sprays to keep the bugs in check, and in 1940 they threatened to destroy the whole French potato crop. During the summer of 1940, hordes of them proceeded eastward, most of them flying with a favorable wind but many of them walking along French country roads, like so many tiny golden pedestrians. The German Army wanted to save the French potato crop and ship it back to Germany, and they saw to it that French farmers were provided with sprays and that they used them diligently. Because *doryphores* made away with their potatoes, and because the Germans were plainly intending to do the same thing, the French started calling German soldiers *doryphores*, and the name stuck to them throughout the war. The Germans were immensely pleased at first, thinking that the word "*doryphore*"—its literal translation is "gold-bearing"—was a flattering reference to what fine figures they cut, and were much put out on learning the truth.

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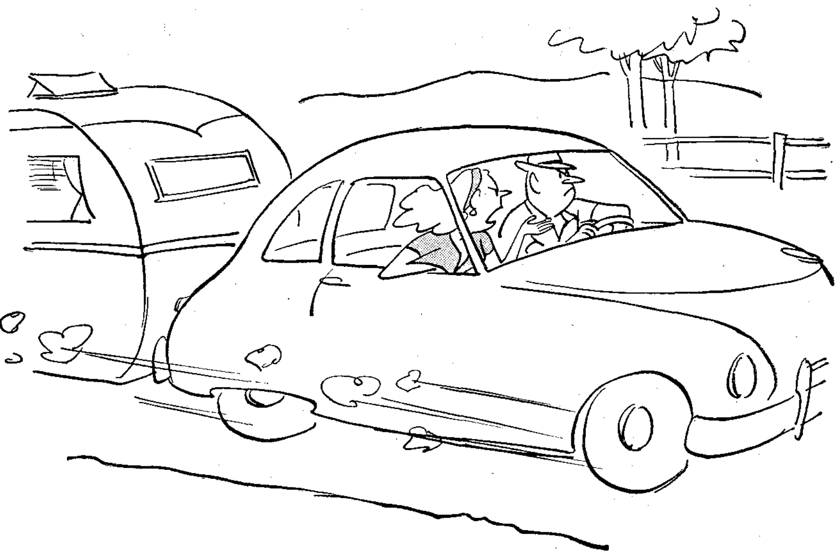

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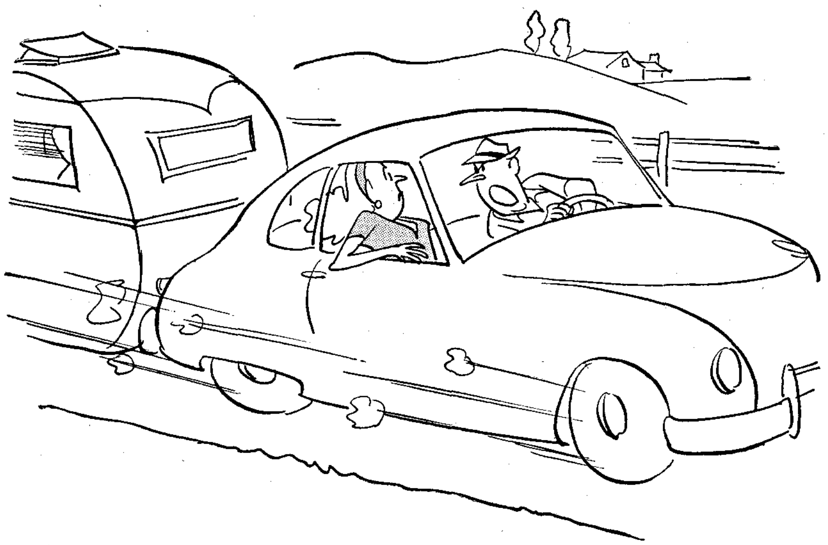

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Week-End Book Service, 959 Madison Avenue, is closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Old-Timer

WE'VE paid a visit to Colonel Albert P. Simmonds, assistant to the president of the Hygienic Phone Service, who was called to our attention as a likely candidate for our intermittent series on spry octogenarians around town. We found him at his desk, thickset, rugged, and looking a whole lot younger than the eighty-two years we'd been told he is. We said as much, and he winked at us. "Just say I'm seventy-six, will you?" he said. "We old fellows don't always relish having our real ages known." We pondered this ethical problem as Colonel Simmonds told us, *inter alia*, that he was born in New Orleans, that he is a namesake of an uncle who served on General Lee's staff, that he was a member of the Yale Sheffield Scientific School class of 1896, and that he is a veteran of seventeen expeditions to the Arctic, on one of which he canoed the length of the Mackenzie River—eleven hundred miles. As for his age, we repaired to the Yale Club after leaving and there consulted a relevant classbook, which has his birth date as October 27, 1875. This, if correct, would make him a mere seventy-four, and an astonishing example of a gaffer pretending to be *older* than he is.

Leaving this matter to Colonel Simmonds' conscience, we have decided to submit a report on him as an interesting man of *any* age. After Yale and a season as football coach at Louisiana State University, he began making summer trips to the Far North. "I first went to the Yukon in 1897," he told us. "I've tried to paddle and portage across the Labrador peninsula three times, starting from Rupert House, on James Bay, and aiming for the North Atlantic. Once, with two Indian

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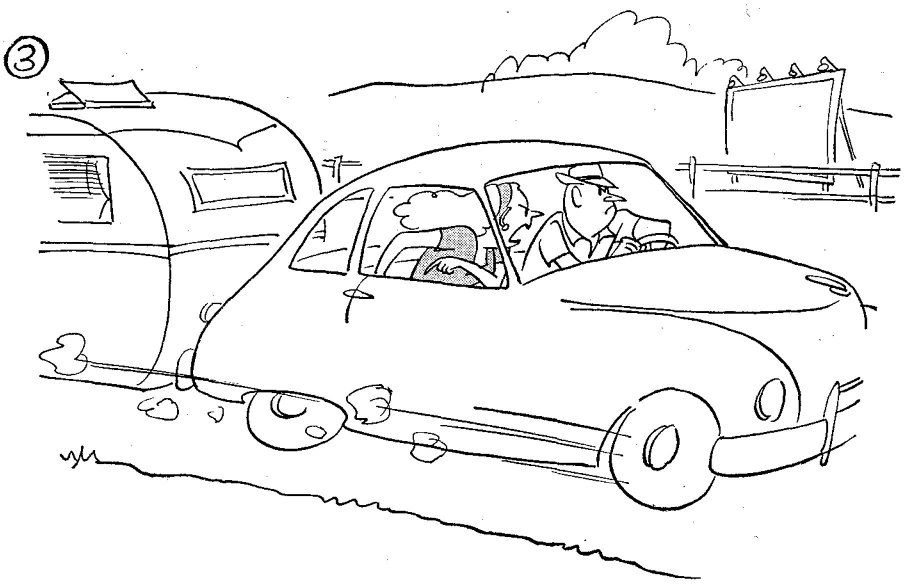

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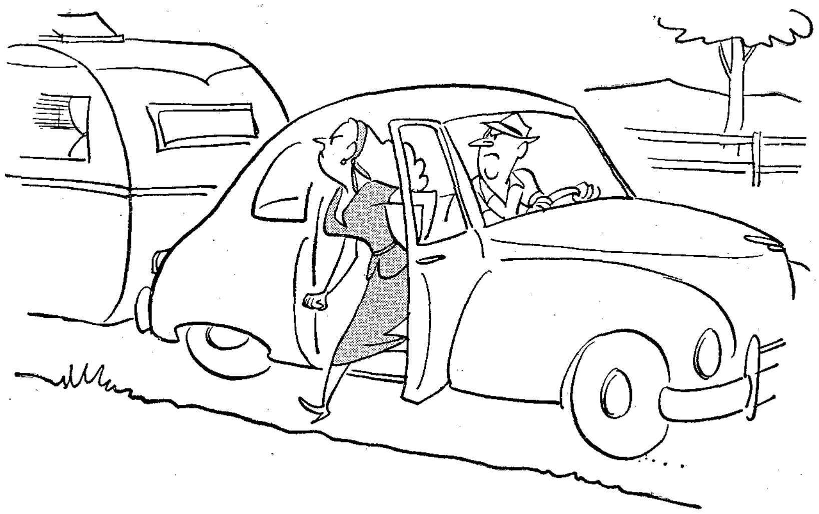

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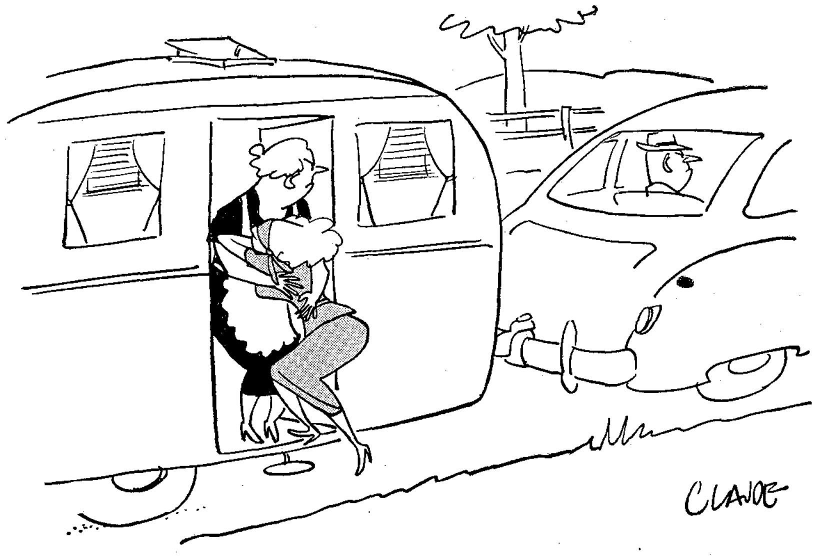


guides and a French-Canadian pal, I got as far as the George River, three hundred miles from the coast." There, the Colonel advised us, the two Indians died—one in the rapids, the other from exhaustion. Simmonds and the Canadian, a Saskatchewan trapper, built smudge fires that eventually attracted a rescue party of eleven Eskimos, who took them to Fort Chimo, where they spent the winter. "We'd lost nearly all our supplies and one of our two canoes in the rapids," the Colonel said. "It was eleven days before the Eskimos came, and we lived on eight bouillon capsules boiled in a pail of water. We built the white man's smudge, which is made with moss and damp wood, and is blacker than the Indian's smudge." The Colonel figures the white man's smudge is the more effective of the two varieties. "I've portaged two hundred and sixteen miles on a single trip," he said. "I used to sleep on balsam boughs. Hell's bells, I *loved* it!"

When Colonel Simmonds was a young man, he worked for a life-insurance company in the winter and went on lecture tours, sleeping on mattresses, to various cities. He became a military aide to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker during the First World War, and ended up with the Distinguished Service Medal. More winters of insurance and summers of the Arctic followed. His last Northern trip was in 1928. "I lectured all over the East for the Pond Bureau," he said. "I sledged over great frozen wastes, and penetrated farther into the great unknown Ungava [a region to the east of Hudson Bay] than any other white man. The narrow escapes I've had! I wish I could remember them all."

The Colonel, whose office contains an autographed photograph, dated 1918, of Theodore Roosevelt, for whom he made some campaign speeches, has been with Hygienic since 1942. This outfit rubs germs off the phones of Anaconda Copper, Phelps Dodge, United Fruit, De Coppet & Doremus, R.C.A., Standard Brands, Schenley, Elizabeth Arden, Sun Oil, the Waldorf, the Yale Club, and other outfits. "I iron out the spots when our salesmen get into trouble," Colonel S. stated. "Some of them can't get along with the big shots, you know, so I see them myself." We noted a tennis racket on the Colonel's desk, and, upon inquiry, he told us that he gave up the game ten years ago and is going to present the racket to his physician. "I've umpired tennis matches all over the country and in Bermuda," he added. "I played Clarence Budlong in the Newport All-Comers' Tournament in 1893, at the Newport Casino. There were no stands there then. People just sat around on the ground. I smacked one of Budlong's lobs for a kill, and on the bounce the ball hit Mrs. William Waldorf Astor plumb in the eye, smashing her lorgnette. 'Now, young man,' she said, 'don't you worry,' and I never have."

Making Do

A Scarsdale lady, the mother of two active lads, reports that a few days after a new family—a doctor, his wife, and three sons—moved in next door, she heard a considerable turmoil on her front lawn. Investigation disclosed a lively squirt-gun battle, for which her offspring were equipped with routine water pistols and the doctor's progeny with syringes.

Boom

WE heard last week that, after a relatively dull winter and spring, J. R. Wood & Sons, the largest and, as far as they and we know, the oldest manufacturers of wedding rings in the country, are enjoying a sudden spurt in business, because of the Korean war. We went over to the firm's headquarters, at 216 East Forty-fifth Street, to see if this is indeed the situation, and Mr. W. Waters Schwab, the head man there, assured us it is. "Business has fairly shot up, right smack in the middle of what is ordinarily our post-June-wedding doldrums," he said, indicating a pile of orders on his desk. "There's no mistaking the connection with the Korean crisis. The moment the fighting started, we noticed a rise in the daily sales reports. Now we're running about twenty-one per cent above normal. Mind you, this is the time of year when we haven't a single salesman out on the road. They're all either here in town for conferences or away on vacation until the first of August. What we're getting are mail orders from retail stores, and mail orders mean instantaneous sales, and instantaneous sales mean that people are getting married. We've sold sixty to sixty-five thousand rings in the past month. How much of this rise can be attributed to a burgeoning of romance in dangerous times and how much to—ah—a desire for deferment from the draft is, I'm glad to say, a question well outside my field."

We asked Mr. Schwab about a metal insigne in his lapel, marked with the numeral "100," and he told us that he was wearing it because the firm is celebrating its hundredth anniversary. He is the first non-Wood ever to become head of the firm, but this break with tradition is not as extreme as it may sound; he is related to the family by marriage. He told us that J. R. Wood & Sons have always taken satisfaction in serving as a sort of national barometer of romance, including romance under pressure. No company records of the Civil War period are extant, but old ledgers show that the wedding-ring business prospered mightily during the Spanish-American War, and that 1918 and 1919 were much the best years the company had had up to that time. During the twenties, business slacked off, and though people of determination kept on doggedly buying wedding rings in the depression and post-depression periods, it wasn't until the Second World War that business really boomed again. It remained at a high from 1942 to 1945, and held up fairly well through 1946, when, Schwab pointed out, a good many former soldiers were getting married, because new automobiles and other durable goods to spend money on were hard to find. Business dropped off sharply in 1947, when cars became available.

Wars and depressions affect the style as well as the number of wedding rings sold, we learned. From 1900 to 1914, practically all wedding rings were what are known in the trade as Tiffany bands—plain gold, with a flat inner surface and a convex outer surface. During the First World War, engraved rings gained a certain popularity—and, as a matter of fact, they still hold it—and during the depression there was a vogue for wide gold wedding rings set with small diamonds. These were double-duty rings; young people couldn't afford both an engagement ring and a wedding ring, and were making one ring do. It was also in the nineteen-thirties that the octagonal wedding band came into style, this because the Duchess of Windsor was wearing one. In the year after her marriage to the Duke, J. R. Wood & Sons sold over seventy thousand octagonal rings. These days, they don't sell more than a few hundred of them a year. The Second World War led to an unprecedented increase in the popularity of men's wedding rings. Before 1941, the firm sold only fifteen men's wedding rings for every hundred women's wedding rings, but during the war the figure skyrocketed to eighty-five. After 1945, it slipped back to around sixty. It remained there until the North Korean invasion. Now it is on its way up again. "I doubt if our figure for men's rings ever goes down to fifteen again," Schwab said. "If it does, I'll take it to mean that there's going to be a little peace in the world, for a change."

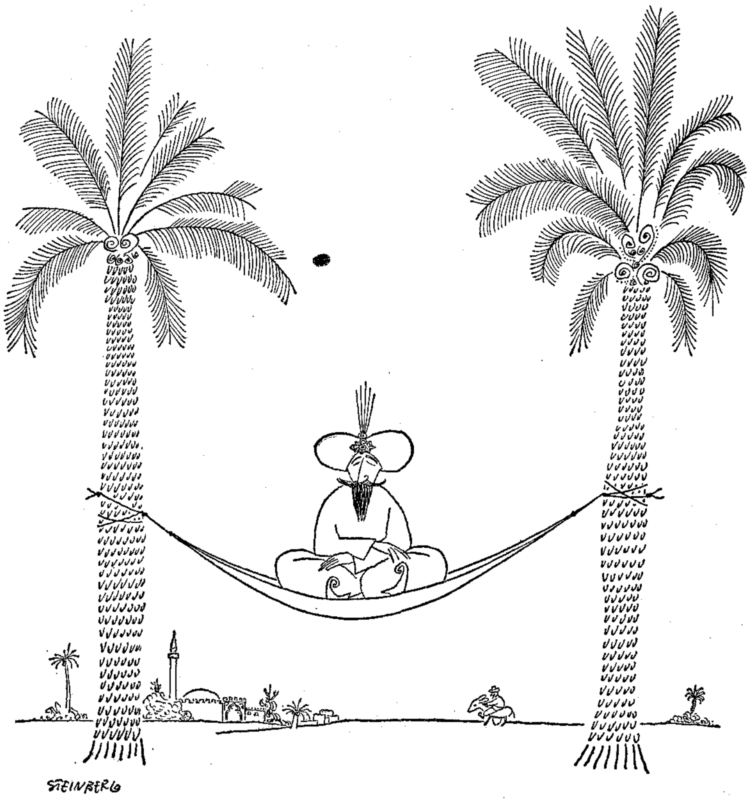
Recipe

LADY tourist in Italy, busily taking notes on a museum guide's observations to the effect that Leonardo da Vinci was the first artist to employ the whites of eggs in his paints, looked up and asked, "How many egg whites did you say?"

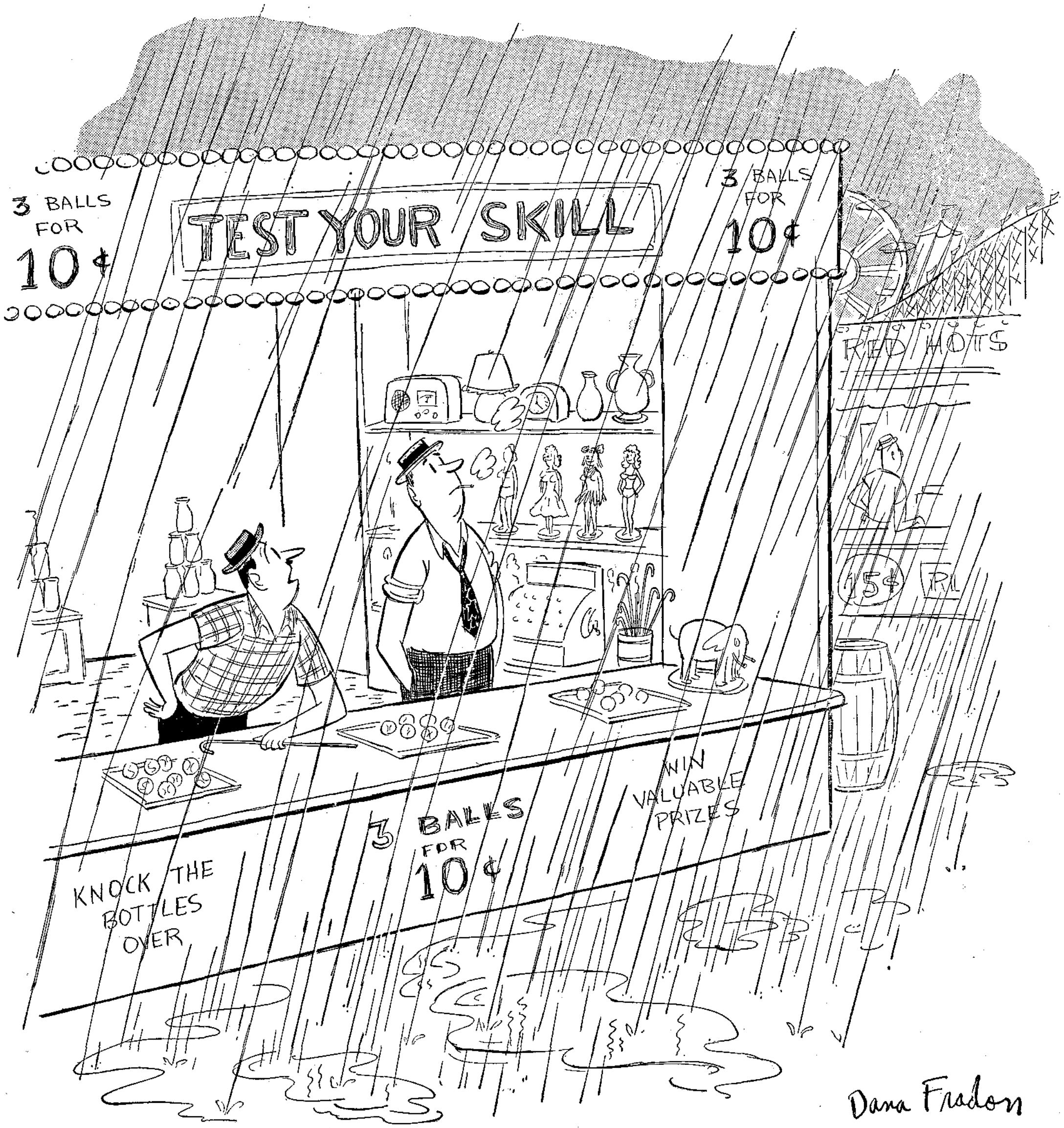
Cynosure

COMING back from lunch the other afternoon, one of the younger men in the office noticed a group of excited people gathered around an unoccupied automobile parked on Forty-fourth Street near Fifth Avenue—a Cadillac convertible with a transparent top. Some of the people were peering through the top, others were pounding on it with their fists or running their thumbnails across it, and one fellow was testing its surface with the blade of a pocketknife. Our man wrote down the license number and, back in the office, suggested that he take a ride in the car, the owner willing. We told him to go ahead, and he has executed his mission and handed us an account of the trip, which is now before us.

The owner of the car is Mr. Elliott Murphy, a



slender, mild-mannered, good-natured gentleman in his thirties who wears a fedora at a rakish angle and is the producer of the "Aquashow," in which a company of divers and swimmers are performing at the old World's Fair site, in Flushing. Mr. Murphy made an appointment to pick up our man on Forty-eighth Street near Fifth, did so, and proceeded across town to Park Avenue, where, stopped by a red light, he smiled happily at eight or ten pedestrians who stepped out from the sidewalk to get a close look at the transparent top. One old gentleman, in a double-breasted blue suit, poked at it hard with the tip of his umbrella. A station wagon filled with children pulled alongside, the youngsters shouting and gesticulating wildly. Mr. Murphy acknowledged their interest with a wave. The light changed and he made a left turn, heading up Park. Our man leaned back contentedly and studied a changing montage of cloud formations and the upper parts of apartment houses. The top seemed to be more transparent from the inside than from the outside, and he mentioned this. Mr. Murphy, his eyes brightening, informed him that the top was made of glare-reducing smoke-gray quarter-inch Plexiglas with just that in mind. "Supposed to have superior optical quality," Mr. Murphy said, smiling at a taxi-driver who was giving him and his setup a forthright once-over. "It also keeps out twenty per cent of your infra-red rays—those are the rays that produce heat. Otherwise, you'd swelter in summer. It's called a Solar-Top." The Solar-Top, our man learned, cost Mr. Murphy two hundred dollars, weighs forty pounds, and can be put on or taken off in a jiffy. It's fastened to the car by four spring hooks and a screw. Mr. Murphy got it from Ranger-Tennere, Inc., of New York, who used to make blisters for bombers. Nobody has succeeded in putting a hole through the top yet. "You pretty damn well have to go after the stuff with a hammer to break it," he said cheerily. "The only thing is you feel like a cynosure until you get used to it." Mrs. Murphy isn't used to it yet. She calls the car "the goldfish bowl."



"I wonder if they'll ever find a way to stop *it from raining?"*

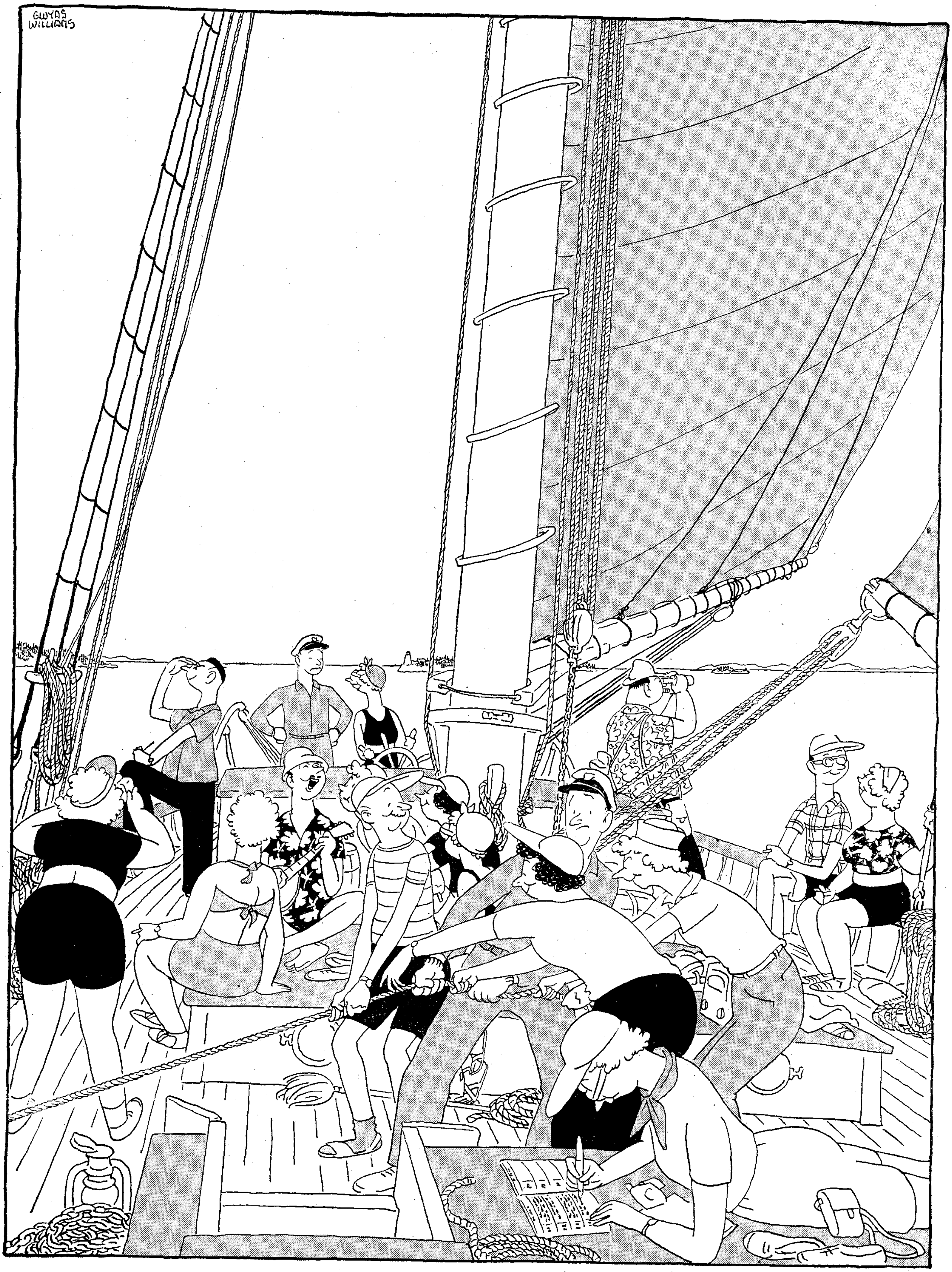
• •

Mr. Murphy told our man about trying to buy a fancy automobile that a New York oil company had on its hands a while back. It had been made for presentation to the King of Saudi Arabia—a long, low job, silver all over, bar, bed, intercom set, and so on. "Trouble was it was *too* low," said Mr. Murphy. "The King's aides were afraid he would get stuck in the sand. Lose face. I wanted it five thousand dollars' worth, but Adolphe Menjou wanted it more. He got it." Mr. Murphy recently bought a service station near his home, in Garden City, so he can more readily have his Cadillac and his other car, an ordinary Pontiac, serviced. Two employees handle that business for him.

Mr. Murphy has been producing the "Aquashow" since 1945. Before the war, he produced and dived in the water shows at Jones Beach. Two stars of his show, he told our man, are twin granddaughters of Bob Fitzsimmons—Joyce and Jean. He has a group of comedy divers called the Aquazanies. Absolutely fearless, he said. Last year, the Aquazanies, along with some orthodox divers, were engaged to perform at a pool in London and, upon arriving, found that there had been some confusion about the altitude of the diving board; the builder had calculated its height in metres instead of feet. The zanies and the others went right ahead. "A couple of them got a few bumps," Mr. Murphy said. "They're dead-game boys."

Triumph of the Subconscious

A COUPLE of fellows down from Hartford for weekend relaxation visited a variety of places, including bars, and wound up at a radio quiz show, in which at least one of them participated. He hasn't any idea what questions he was asked or what he answered. All he knows is that he won a console television set.


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Windjammer Cruise

THE UNPERSUADED

ONE morning a flock of children on bikes came swooping around a hedge-blind corner; they skidded and sprayed apart but even so they almost knocked over Mrs. Gardiner on her way to the tennis courts. They didn't actually do her or themselves any harm but she dropped her racket to the road and all her balls, which scattered, and several of the children fell off their saddles. They didn't care, of course; they laughed. "*Oh!*" Mrs. Gardiner said to the women waiting for her by the court. "Just like hoodlums, and mine the worst."

But it wasn't until maids began to complain that this group of children came creeping along the rows of bathhouses during the hour in early afternoon dedicated to servants' bathing, and clicking shut the padlocks on doors—thus often capturing a cook alive, which led to screams of satisfied laughter—that it was acknowledged something must be done. Twenty-odd mothers gathered for a meeting at Mrs. Gardiner's cottage late one afternoon.

"It isn't that they're bad," Mrs. Ennis said.

"No, no, no; of course they aren't bad," Mrs. Gardiner said. But several of the mothers, heads tipped back for the first draw on their fresh cigarettes, couldn't help glancing under their lashes over at Mrs. Wallace, whose two little boys everybody knew were bad as bad could be. It was thought at Flanders Point that except for the influence of Jock and Willie Wallace probably things could be counted on to go perfectly smoothly all summer, every summer. It had been they, the year before, who had had the inspiration of following the R.F.D. man on his morning round and cramming wads of wet seaweed in mailboxes; that had been when they were seven and nine and very likely nothing had occurred in the intervening winter to abash them and here they now were, eight and ten.

"Is it just that age group, would you say?" Mrs. Wallace asked vaguely. Under the almost too quick murmurs of assent from her friends flitted the question: Is it true, as it appears, that you have only partially grasped this problem?

The really young children at the Point led routine, supervised days and were without the opportunity to sin; small, and weak, and constantly under some adult eye they led blameless lives, perforce. And the adolescents, though their days and nights were crosshatched with struggles, frustrations, and shrill, peculiar fulfillments, were something else again, and not this afternoon's concern.

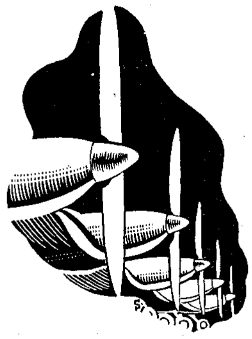
"All they need is to be kept busy," Mrs. Kip said, and agreement was general. "Because I give you my word our summer is simply going to be hell unless we can arrange some way to take up their time; safely, I mean. Do you know that yesterday morning every last one of them went up our windmill, to the top, right after breakfast, and sat there spitting? Of course they got down all right, but just suppose one of them hadn't. Honestly! There they sat, looking like a flock of starlings. I give you my word my heart was in my mouth till they were all down again." She swung around in her chair and singled out a woman in yellow linen. "*Your Betsey* came down by the open girders," she said. Betsey's mother poked the olive in her Martini with the tip of her smallest finger and said she didn't doubt it for a minute; but Betsey was awfully sure-footed, she added—always had been, in fact.

"That's not the point!" Mrs. Gardiner said, and Betsey's mother took her first, delightful sip and admitted, agreeably, that actually she knew it wasn't. "I mean I don't worry about her, much," she explained. "I'm sure I should. And of course I know the girls are as wild as the boys."

"Worse," she was told, tersely, for her own good, and because now was the moment for facing facts.

Mrs. Ennis asked, "Did you hear they put a lot of little stones in poor Miss Wigginson's hubcaps, so the next time she started for New London in that poor old car of hers, she thought it was coming apart?"

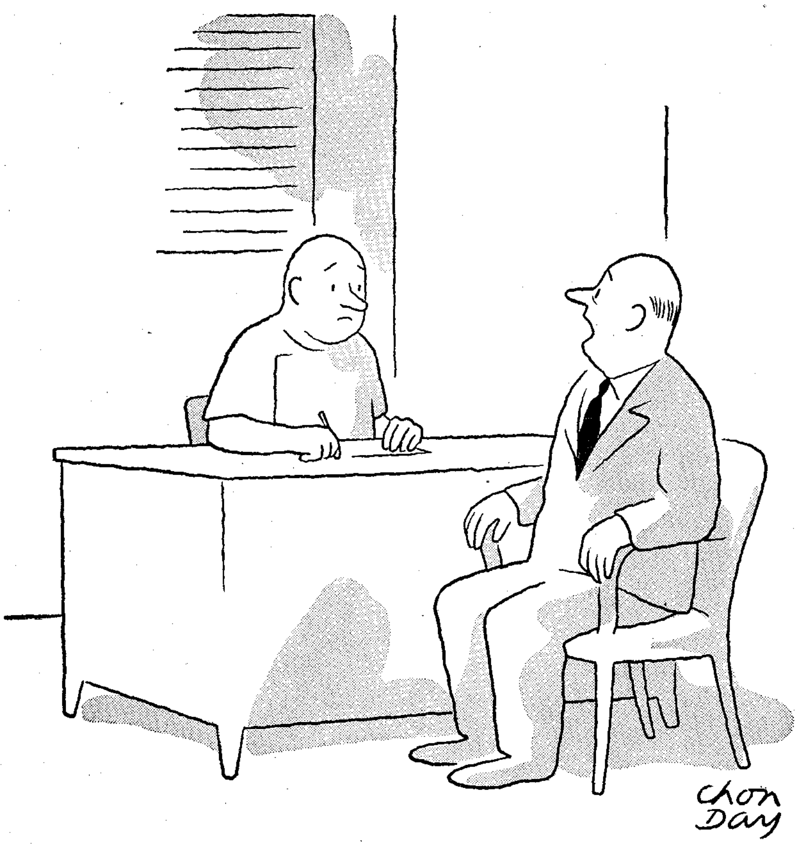
"*Who* did?"



Actually it had been the Wallaces' idea, but no one liked to say so and probably they had had plenty of help. So now, without any sort of doubt, it was more than high time something was done, and before the meeting broke up it was decided to get a college boy, from somewhere, right away, to come and live at the Point; they would pay him some vast sum and put him in complete charge of every waking moment of the eight-through-ten-year-olds. "Games," Mrs. Harrison said, leaning toward her friends, slanting herself with enthusiasm halfway across the low coffee table. "Organized games. He can do tennis and swimming mornings and get up baseball games afternoons in that big field off beyond the back road." She was overwhelmed with compliments on her grasp of the situation. "Way, *way* off," they said, nodding to each other, tapping their cigarettes, very pleased. They could see how their after-luncheon naps and their late-afternoon swimming were assured to them for the rest of the summer. "And why didn't we ever think of this before?" Mrs. Harrison asked, generous because of the admiration she was basking in. "Well, then, baseball, tag, races—all kinds of games. Rainy days, he could supervise games in the boathouse, I should think." And for this bonus bit of practicality she was told by her grateful friends that forevermore they would know her for what she was—an absolute, indubitable genius.

The meeting broke up, and each mother wended her serene way through the glow of late afternoon, the setting sun coloring her cheeks and the lids of her lowered, dazzled eyes, back to her own cottage. Even though it wasn't her child who needed this supervision, each thought, still it wouldn't hurt him any and, heaven knew, it would be the best thing in the world for Jock and Willie Wallace.

"YOU'RE going to love it, darling," each mother said to her child at the supper table that night, "simply love it." But all the children had been perfectly happy anyway. *They* didn't want anything to change from the way it was, and they weren't going to love it; damned if they were. They had supposed that all day long, all summer long, while the sun slowly swung across the blue, wide sky over Flanders Point, they would be able to maintain the way of life they had established for themselves—on their bicycles to dart in their flock over the narrow Point roads or, when the inclination came, suddenly to abandon the bicycles and pass a whole morning immobile in a tree, or on the green grass under it. *They* didn't want to be entertained, or supervised; just being at the Point, school behind and a long, long way ahead of them but *not now*, was enough. They lived a life of secret-feeling satisfaction. The divine, encompassing sea waited at the end of every road and at the foot of everyone's lawn. Rainy days, when they didn't swim, they escaped by ones and twos from the cottages, and, hunching wet jersey shoulders over their handle bars, they rode fast to the bathing beach and congregated in the deserted pavilion like a bunch of congenial sea birds sheltering under a ledge of rock. Sometimes they would go on a foray to an old lady's bathhouse to tip her box of 4711 bath powder onto the floor or they would write some dimly understood short word on a wooden wall. Mostly they sat and stared out the open side of the pavilion at the gray waves endlessly marching up onto the beach, and they played their own games, seabird games involving shells, pebbles, and bits of eroded colored glass, harsh green, brown, and Chartres blue—games with no beginnings and unresolved ends that petered out in a morass of giggles.



"I get a tight feeling across my chest whenever I get a good hand in a poker game."

"You're going to have an awful lot of fun with this young man," Mrs. Harrison, stirring her coffee with a spoon that had "St. Augustine" engraved on the handle, said to her little boy. All the other mothers, that evening, all over the Point, were saying the same thing. They were putting the matter on a very high plane indeed, never admitting—never realizing, perhaps—that the impending young man would be simply to assure their own peace and quiet. But if they managed perfectly in deceiving themselves as to motive, they failed to deceive their children, all of whom, after the first shock, managed to look as though they had suddenly gone deaf and couldn't hear a word when, from the heads of the tables, came, blandly, "It's going to be the best summer *you* ever had."

Who wanted more wonderful days than the days they knew? And evenings, when they had to separate and return to their families' cottages—they were wonderful, too. The children would cross an immense wooden expanse of porch floor, slam through screen doors into rooms amusingly unlike the rooms they lived in in town, winters. The cottages had the kind of furniture and ornaments popular at the beginning of the century. "This'll do for the Point," they had all heard their mothers say of china with many simple-minded-looking pink rosebuds on it, and of hand towels with a row of cross-stitched girls in hoop skirts, and of sofa pillows with coarse-patterned cretonne covers—but all perfectly good things! These were loved by the children because they had lived among them all the summers of their lives, all the eight or ten summers since the beginning of time. Winters, they forgot about the after-dinner-coffee spoons, no two alike, collected years and years before by members of their families who had occasionally, boldly, passed a few weeks of their vacations away from the Point. The children always went over the little spoons, with careful love, the first day back. The handles had "Souvenir de Québec" diagonally across them, or "San Francisco," or even a tiny nugget of real gold let into the tip, or cloisonné designs in red and blue and olive green and white, or pale-blue clusters of forget-me-nots, enamelled. The things in the cottages, lightly scorned by their owners, were venerated by the children as a part of summer. They would have known if one spoon had been missing. And now here was their whole summer about to be taken out from under them!

* *

THE children had an unexpected, if brief, reprieve, because by that time, halfway through July, college boys were not so easy to come by; they had all gone off on projects of their own. However, persistent effort on the part of the mothers, which before long included urgent telephone calls to their husbands' offices in various cities, finally dredged up a divinity student who, though he proved to be not quite as young as the ideal character they had all been dreaming of, was at any rate a male, by all reports able-bodied, and, presumably, headed for the ministry as he was, serious-minded and responsible. In his letter of acceptance he said he had always hoped to have an opportunity to work with children someday; he never had, actually, because of circumstances beyond his control, but he had always intended to get a job in a boys' camp sometime, preferably where there were delinquent children, who, everybody knew, were delinquent only because of being underprivileged. He said he welcomed the opportunity to come to Flanders Point. "Doesn't he sound wonderful?" Mrs. Ennis asked Mrs. Kip.

In the beginning, he seemed somewhat regretful to find that Flanders Point had so little in common with boys' camps. "No woodworking?" he asked in the first five minutes, glancing around Mrs. Gardiner's living room as if he thought she might temporarily have concealed her lathe. The word "equipment" floated into Mrs. Gardiner's mind and she bravely brought it forth, saying they hadn't any. "What we want," she told him, "is just to have you keep them out in the sun, running around and busy. Busy but quiet, if you know what I mean. . . . Now I expect you'd like to see your room?" For it had been settled that the young man, whose name was Prentice, would live at Mrs. Gardiner's. The really sensible place for him would have been the Wallaces', where he could have kept an ever-open eye on Jock and Willie, but Mrs. Wallace had said oh, how she would absolutely love it but she hadn't enough sheets and towels and things in that cottage to maintain a decent standard of living *as it was;* she had said she'd let him park his little sedan in half her garage, though; glad to do that, she had said.

The mothers gathered at a cocktail party in the late afternoon in order to meet Mr. Prentice and make him feel at home, and to offer him a few little suggestions they thought might prove helpful to him. It was a pity he didn't drink, but how could they have known about that? Mrs. Ennis whispered to Mrs. Wallace that after all, with all the adolescent boys there were at the Point, maybe that was *a very good thing*, but Mrs. Wallace, still genuinely bemused at just having met a man who refused Martinis, said only that oh yes, she hoped she was as broadminded as the next one and of course it did take all sorts, or so she had been told. In their fresh linen dresses, they clustered around him as he sat, heavy and somewhat solemn, on a sofa with a glass of V-8 in his hand, and told him how delighted they were he had come and how entirely sure they were that he would do wonders with the children.

"They aren't bad, you know," Mrs. Ennis assured him, seriously. He looked disappointed. "Oh, no, they aren't *cases* of anything. Just full of life, you know," and if her words had needed corroboration, they had it almost at once from the elder Ennis daughter, who appeared in the doorway and began making signals to her mother. "What is it, darling? Do you want me?"

"Well, I just thought somebody ought to know Mrs. Wigmore's old cook just found a lobster in her— in her— Well, it's in her bathroom, swimming kind of."

"*Alive?*"

"Swimming, I *said!* But there's nobody there who wants to reach in and take it out."

Mrs. Kip said she should think a cook could be counted on to deal with a lobster, if anybody could.

"*She's* packing her bag."

A few of the mothers looked hopefully at Mr. Prentice, but his shocked glance was deep in his healthful drink, and the majority had sense enough to know that this would be too much to ask—so soon, anyway—and in the end the boy who marked the tennis courts was given a dollar for his pains.

Bright and early next morning the children were shooed out of the cottages, behind their sullen brows lurking both a normal curiosity to see what this Mr. Prentice was like and a fierce resentment at having their days managed. On bicycles, they took fitful, slow, circuitous routes to the open meadow behind the back road and once there were caught, instantly, sucked by Mr. Prentice into what could prove to be only the first of innumerable intolerable games between now and mid-September.

"Hi ya!" he greeted each one of them in a hearty voice. Some he slapped on the back.

"Good morning," they replied, glowering.

"Now then! Attaboy! How about a little game, hey?"

The game was organized by him alone. "Creepers!" the children moaned to each other in passing.

Luncheon that day, in every cottage that held an eight-through-ten-year-old, was an apathetic affair.

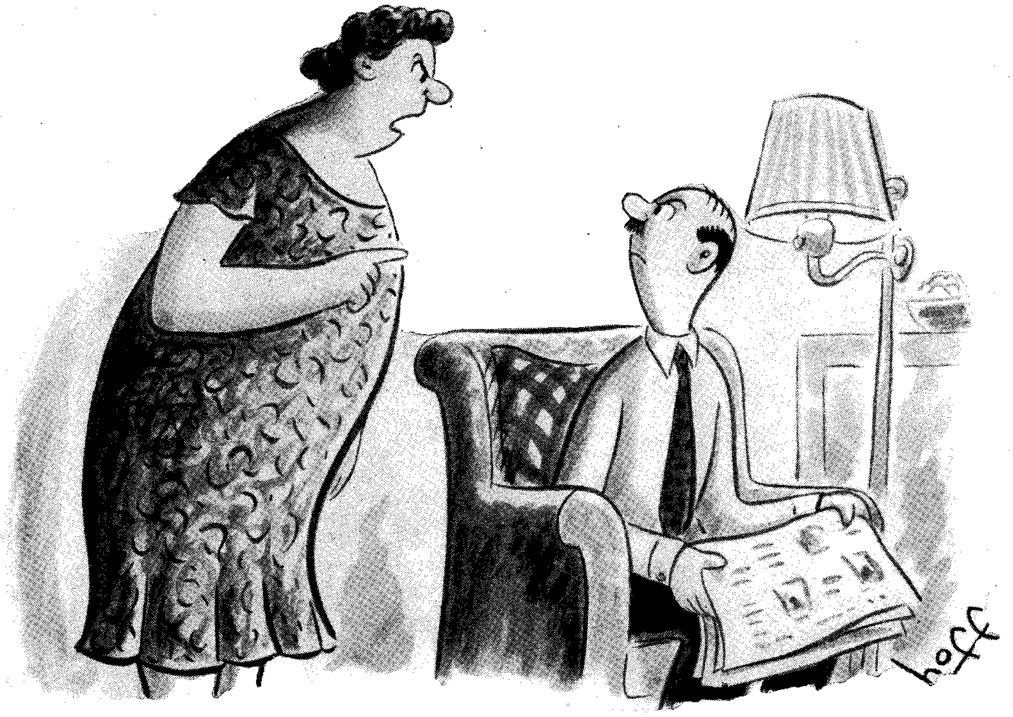
"Aren't you hungry?" Mrs. Wallace asked, surprised, and Jock and Willie said no, they weren't especially, and drooped and dawdled over their plates. "He talks all the time," Willie complained. "Sportsmanship. Fair play. He said we had to remember that life was just a big baseball game, or a baseball game was just as big as life—*I* don't know which."

"And how true," his mother said, very briskly. "Now, do get to work on your string beans, *please*, both of you." The Wallace boys sighed deep sighs and hung motionless above their lunch.

FOR days, the Point was very quiet indeed and every mother was able to sleep for two delicious hours in the afternoons and stay on the beach afterward as long as she wanted. In their few hours at home the children yawned and bickered and kicked at pieces of furniture with slow, hopeless thuds. The light had gone out of their eyes. "Isn't it wonderful?" Mrs. Kip said to Mrs. Ennis. "It was just what they needed."

Mrs. Harrison, facing her yawning son one morning, said with calm reasonableness, "It was all so stupid, before. . . . Well, it was, because none of you did anything that amounted to anything, from morning till night. . . .

BAR
JOE'S TAVERN
TELEVI
SEE
FIG
KoVarsky



"There you go again, looking as though you'd like to give me an argument."

• •

Well, what?" to his murmur. "What?"

"Things."

"Not things that amounted to anything, or if they did, they shouldn't have. You do like having him here, I'm sure you do. Shall we ask him for dinner tomorrow night? . . . Well, don't shout!"

But then, after a week or so, almost imperceptibly, the children began to look a trifle happier; they arrived home at their cottages with a trace of the old sprightliness in their gait; there was an occasional giggle, quickly hushed. When the mothers met on the beach, they agreed that perhaps the program had taken a little longer to get started than they had anticipated but that everything now was working like a charm.

But *then,* just as the children appeared to have begun to become reconciled, Mr. Prentice descended one morning to Mrs. Gardiner with a closed face and said he had been thinking a lot about it and had honestly tried to see it differently but he was afraid he wasn't getting anywhere. He was surprised, he said, that the children were so unresponsive to his little daily talks, for instance, and that they weren't game-minded, as he believed underprivileged newsboys would be; they didn't seem to have any of that competitive spirit that must be the nice thing about juvenile delinquents. Only a very, very few had been willing to play games at all, and all the others seemed to just want to fool around. Mrs. Gardiner said she was amazed; she couldn't believe it; she had supposed everything had been going so awfully well, and, after considering a moment, she asked rather sharply why didn't he ask them what they *did* want to do and then organize whatever that was, and he said of course he had.

"Well?"

"They said they just wanted to fool around. I've tried to get them to make a sea-shell collection, for instance, but they won't. They said why should they, because there were so *many* shells on the beach, and so I said— Well, I guess I'd have better luck with more underprivileged children, who'd be more appreciative, if you know what I mean."

"But they aren't bad?" she asked quickly. "I mean, they aren't, are they?"

Mr. Prentice gave her an unhappy glance, like a ball thrown underhand. "Every day somebody puts wet seaweed in the— the seat of my bathing suit," he said.

"Well, lock your bathhouse door!"

"I do. But that makes me seem so untrusting, and anyway there's that narrow space at the top and they're quite skinny and small, some of them, and ay-gile." Indeed they were agile children. Nobody could deny that. "And somebody lets the air out of my tires and I can't find the trousers to my pajamas. I haven't had any pajama trousers for a week now and I just don't think it's going very well and I think they need somebody to make them more appreciative of what they have and not so silly. I'm not accomplishing what I should. I feel there's nothing here *to* accomplish. My fault, I suppose." But he looked as though that were the last thing he believed.

Several mothers tried, but not one of them could remove the mournful, stubborn look from his face. "I've thought a lot about it," was all he would say, "and I think I might as well go along right away. There's still time for me to get a month's job somewhere— well—*else.*"

HE got quite a sendoff from the children. The whole flock followed the shabby little sedan as far as the main road to New London on their bicycles, perhaps in an odd burst of belated conscience or good manners or, much more likely, because they found it diverting to read out to each other what one of them had printed in the dust on the back of his car. Mrs. Ennis, carrying her mallet to the croquet court, turned to wave goodbye and saw where, in the film of dust, someone had carefully printed, "MR PRENTIS IS A BITCH," and she cried *"Oh!,"* stopped dead in the road, and grounded her mallet. But then she picked the mallet up and went on her way, knowing it would be idle to surmise, even for a minute, whose forefinger had traced the words, because doesn't everybody's printing, at that age, look just exactly like everybody else's? —LOUISE FIELD COOPER

• •

AFTER AUSONIUS

Quis color ille vadis . . .

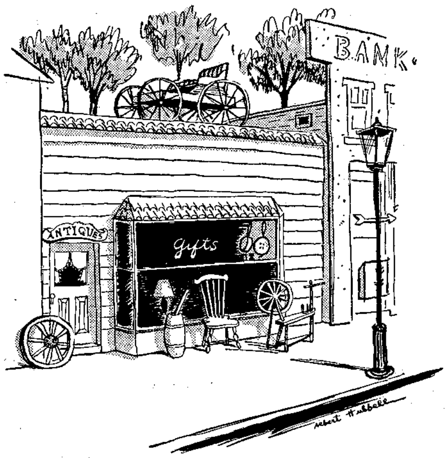
What color are the shallows, now that evening
Moves the late shadows forward, and the river
Is dyed with the green mountain? All the ridges
Swim in the ripple of motion, and the vine
Trembles, and is not there, and under water
Its cluster, seen through glass, is magnified.
—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE MAIDEN

“I BOUGHT the pair of them in Berlin for forty marks,” Mrs. Andreas was saying to Dr. Reinmuth, who had admired the twin decanters on her dinner table. “It sickens me, the way they must let their treasures go for nothing. I can take no pride in having got a bargain when I feel like a pirate.” Evan Leckie, an American journalist who was the extra man at the party, turned away from the woman on his right to glance at his hostess to see if her face revealed the hypocrisy he had heard, ever so faintly, in her voice, but he could read nothing in her bland eyes, nor could he discover the reaction of her interlocutor, who slightly inclined his head in acknowledgment of her sympathy for his mortified compatriots but said nothing and resumed his affectionate scrutiny of the decanters as Mrs. Andreas went on to enumerate other instances of the victors’ gains through the Germans’ losses. Evan, just transferred to Heidelberg from the squalor and perdition of Nuremberg, joined in the German’s contemplation of these relics of more handsome times. One of the bottles was filled with red wine, which gleamed darkly through the lustrous, sculptured glass, chased with silver, and the other with pale, sunny Chablis. The candlelight invested the wines with a property beyond taste and fluidity, a subtile grace belonging to a world almost imaginary in its elegance, and for a moment Evan warmed toward Mrs. Andreas, who had tried to resuscitate this charming world for her guests by putting the decanters in the becoming company of heavy, florid silverware and Dresden fruit plates and a bowl of immaculate white roses, and by dressing herself, a plump and unexceptional person, in an opulent frock of gold brocade and a little queenly crown of amethysts for her curly, graying hair.

The double doors to the garden were open to admit the moonlight and the summer breeze, and now and again, in the course of the meal, Evan had glanced out and had seen luminous nicotiana and delphiniums growing profusely beside a high stone wall. Here, in the hilly section of the city, it was as quiet as in the country; there was not a sound of jeeps or drunken G.I.s to disturb the light and general conversation of Americans breaking bread with Germans. Only by implication and indirection were the war and the Occupation spoken of, and in this abandonment of the contemporary, the vanquished, these charming Reinmuths, save by their dress and their speech, could not be distinguished from the conquerors. If chivalry, thought Evan, were ever to return to the world, peace would come with it, but evenings like this were isolated, were all but lost in the vast, arid wastes of the present hour within the present decade. And the pity that Mrs. Andreas bestowed upon her German guests would not return to them the decanters they had forfeited, nor would her hospitality obliterate from their hearts the knowledge of their immense dilemma. Paradoxically, it was only upon the highest possible level that Germans and Americans these days could communicate; only a past that was now irretrievable could bring them into harmony with one another.

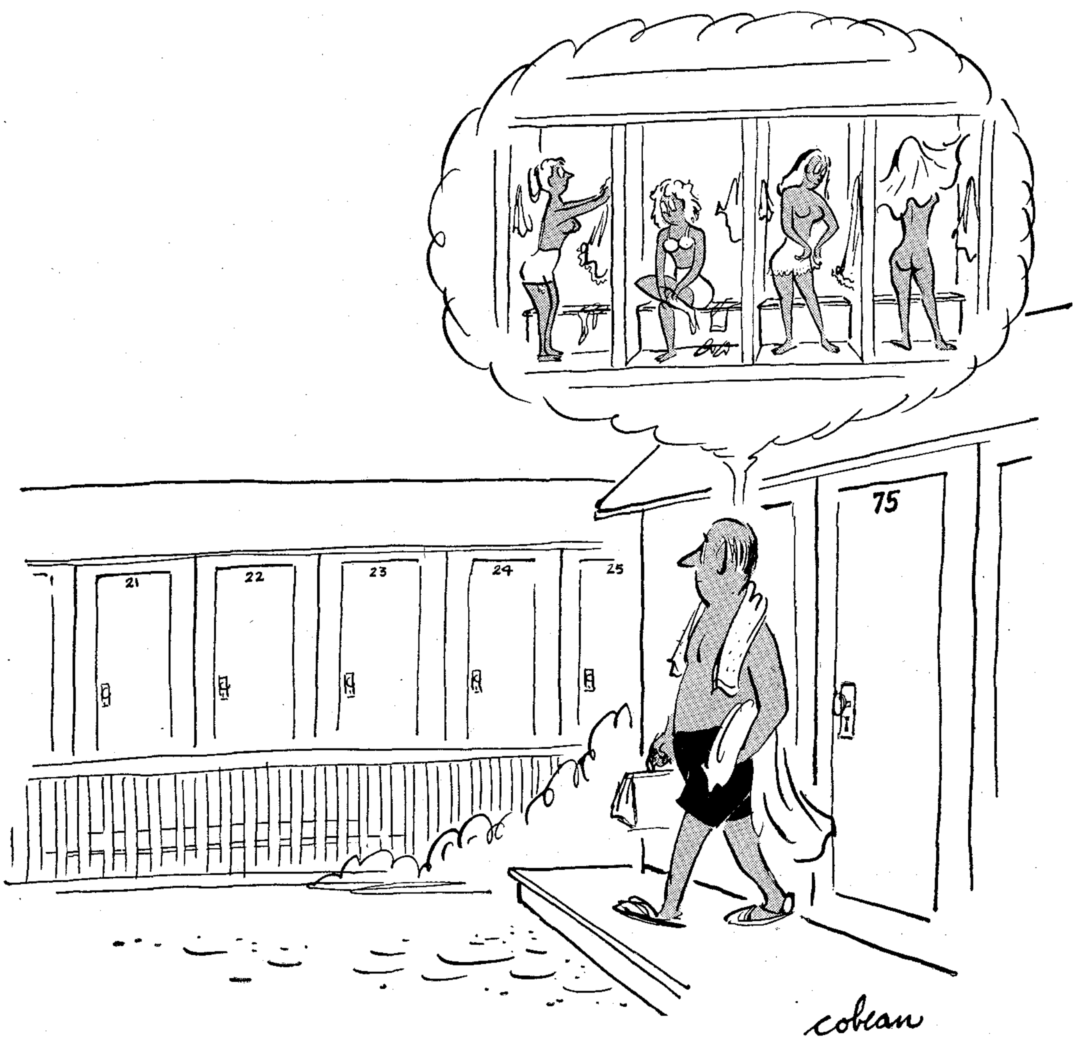
For the past month in Nuremberg, ever since Evan’s wife, Virginia, had left him—left him, as she had put it in a shout, “to stew in his own juice”—Evan had spent his evenings in the bar of his hotel, drinking by himself and listening, in a trance of boredom, to the conversations of the Americans about him. The mirrored walls and mirrored ceilings had cast back the manifold reflections of able-bodied Wacs in summer uniforms, who talked of their baseball teams (once he had seen a phalanx of them in the lobby, armed with bats and catchers’ mitts, looking no less manly than the Brooklyn Dodgers) and of posts where they had been stationed and of itineraries, past and future. “Where were you in ’45?” he had heard one of them cry. “New Caledonia! My God! So was I. Isn’t it a riot to think we were both in New Caledonia in ’45 and now are here in the Theatre?” Things had come to a pretty pass, thought Evan, when *this* was the theatre of a young girl’s dreams. They did not talk like women and they did not look like women but like a modern mutation, a revision, perhaps more efficient and sturdier, of an old model. Half hypnotized by the signs of the times, he had come almost to believe that the days of men and women were over and that the world had moved into a new era dominated by a neuter body called Personnel, whose only concerns were to make history and to snub the history that had already been made. Miss Sally Dean, who sat across from him tonight, had pleased him at first glance with her bright-blond hair and her alabaster shoulders and the fine length of her legs, but over the cocktails his delight departed when, in the accents of West Los Angeles, she had said she wished General MacArthur were in Germany, since he was, in her opinion, a “real glamour puss.” The woman on his right, Mrs. Crowell, the wife of a judge from Ohio in the judiciary of the Occupation, was obsessively loquacious; for a very long time she had been delivering to him a self-sustaining monologue on the effronteries of German servants, announcing once, with all the authority of an anthropologist, that “the Baden mind is *consecrated* to dishonesty.” He could not put his finger on it, but, in spite of her familiar housewife’s complaints, she did not sound at all like his mother and his aunts in Charlottesville, whose lives, spun out in loving domesticity, would lose their pungency if cooks kept civil tongues in their heads and if upstairs maids were not light-fingered. Mrs. Crowell brought to her housekeeping problems a modern and impersonal intellect. “The Baden mind,” “the Franconian mind,” “the German character” were phrases that came forth irrefutably. And the bluestocking wife of a Captain McNaughton, who sat on Evan’s left and who taught library science to the wives of other Army officers, had all evening lectured Dr. Reinmuth on the faults (remediable, in her opinion) of his generation that had forced the world into war. Dr. Reinmuth was a lawyer. She was herself a warrior; she argued hotly, although the German did not oppose her, and sometimes she threatened him with her spoon.



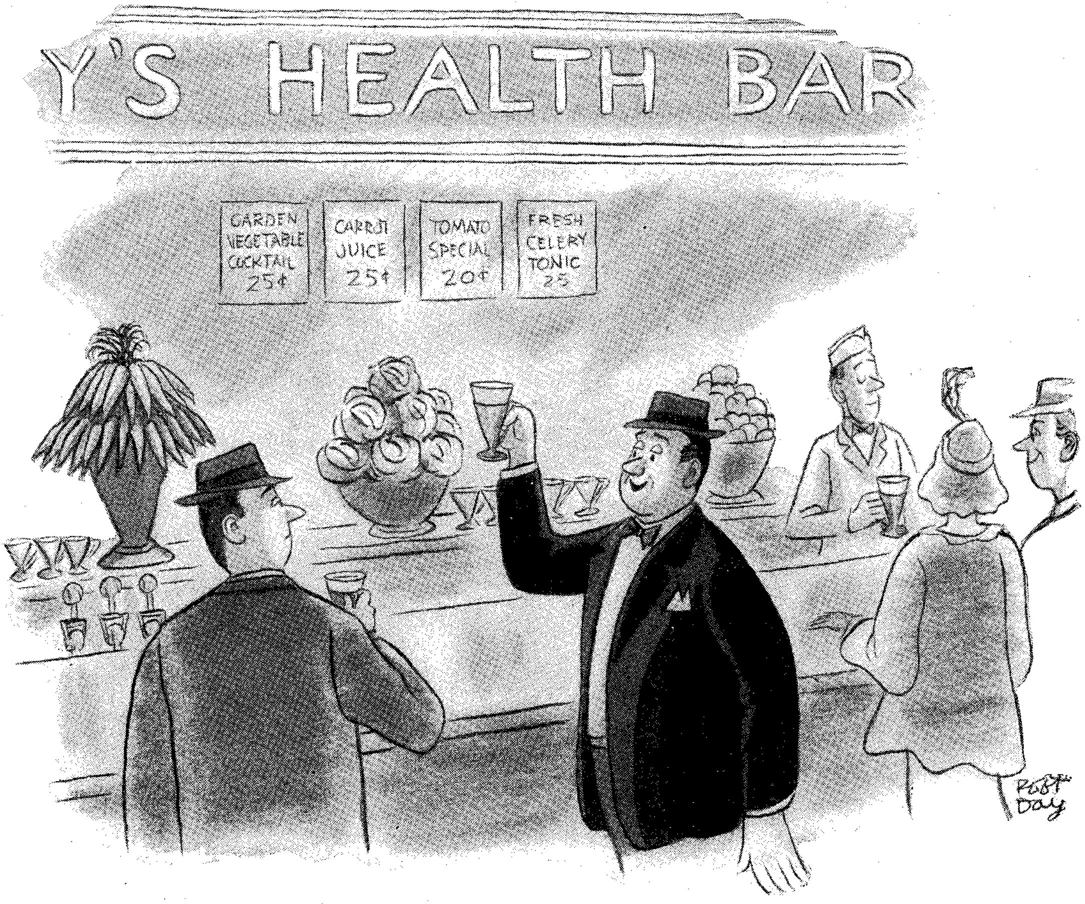
It was the German woman, Frau Reinmuth, who, although her gray dress was modest and although she wore no jewels and little rouge, captivated Evan with her ineffable femininity; she, of all the women there, had been challenged by violence and she had ignored it, had firmly and with great poise set it aside. To look at her, no one would know that the slightest alteration had taken place in the dignified modus vivendi she must have known all her life. The serenity she emanated touched him so warmly and so deeply that he almost loved her, and upon the recognition of his feeling he was seized with loneliness and with a sort of homesickness that he felt sure she would understand—a longing, it was, for the places that *she* would remember. Suddenly it occurred to him that the only other time he had been in Heidelberg, he had been here with his wife, two years before, and they had gone one afternoon by trolley to Schwetzingen to see the palace gardens. Virginia had always hated history and that day she had looked at a cool Palladian summerhouse, designed for witty persiflage and premeditated kisses, and had said, "It's so chichi it makes me sick." And she had meant it. How she had prided herself on despising everything that had been made before 1920, the year of her birth! Staring at the wines aglow in their fine vessels, Evan recaptured exactly the feeling he had had that day in Schwetzingen when, very abruptly, he had realized that he was only technically bound for life to this fretful iconoclast; for a short while, there beside the playing fountains, he had made her vanish and in her place there stood a quiet woman, rich in meditations and in fancies. If he had known Frau Reinmuth then, she might have been the one he thought of.

EVAN watched Dr. Reinmuth as he poured the gold and garnet liquids, first one and then the other, into the glasses before his plate. The little lawyer closely attended the surge of color behind the radiant crystal and he murmured, in a soft Bavarian voice, "Lovely, lovely. Look, Liselotte, how beautiful Mrs. Andreas's *Karaffen* are!" Frau Reinmuth, wide-faced, twice his size, turned from her talk of the Salzburg Festival with Mr. Andreas and cherished both her husband and the decanters with her broad gray eyes, in whose depths love lay limitlessly. When she praised the design of the cut glass, and the etching of the silver, and the shape of the stoppers, like enormous diamonds, she managed somehow, through the timbre of her voice or its cadences or through the way she looked at him, to proclaim that she loved her husband and that the beauty of the bottles was rivalled and surpassed by the nature of this little man of hers, who, still fascinated, moved his handsome head this way and that, the better to see the prismatic green and violet beams that burst from the shelves and crannies of the glass. His movements were quick and delicately articulated, like a small animal's, and his slender fingers touched and traced the glass as if he were playing a musical instrument that only his ears could hear. He must have been in his middle forties, but he looked like a nervous, gifted boy not twenty yet, he was so slight, his hair was so black and curly, his brown face was so lineless, and there was such candor and curiosity in his dark eyes. He seemed now to want to carry his visual and tactile encounter with the decanters to a further point, to a completion, to bliss. And Evan, arrested by the man's absorption (if it was not that of a child, it was that of an artist bent on abstracting meanings from all the data presented to his senses), found it hard to imagine him arguing in a court of law, where the materials, no matter how one elevated and embellished justice, were not poetry. Equally difficult was it to see him as he had been during the war, in his role of interpreter for the German Army in Italy. Like every German one met in a polite American house, Dr. Reinmuth had been an enemy of the Third Reich; he had escaped concentration camp only because his languages were useful to the Nazis. While Evan, for the most part, was suspicious of these self-named martyrs who seemed always to have fetched up in gentlemanly jobs where their lives were not in the least imperilled, he did believe in Dr. Reinmuth, and was certain that a belligerent ideology could not enlist the tender creature so unaffectedly playing with Mrs. Andreas's toys, so obviously well beloved by his benevolent wife. Everyone, even Mrs. Crowell, paused a second to look from the man to the woman and to esteem their concord.

Frau Reinmuth then returned to Mr. Andreas, but it was plain to see that her mind was only half with him. She said, "I envy you to hear Flagstad. Our pain is that there is no music now," and in a lower voice she added, "I have seen August bite his lip for sorrow



when he goes past the opera house in Mannheim. It's nothing now, you know, but a ruin, like everything." Glancing at her, Evan wondered whether she were older than her husband or this marriage had been entered upon late, and he concluded that perhaps the second was true, for they were childless—the downright Mrs. McNaughton had determined that before the canapés were passed—and Frau Reinmuth looked born to motherhood. But even more telling was the honeymoon inflection in her voice, as if she were still marvelling now to say the name "August" as easily as she said "I" and to be able to bestow these limnings of her dearest possession generously on the members of a dinner party. It was not that she spoke of him as if he were a child, as some women do who marry late or marry men younger than themselves, but as if he were a paragon with whom she had the remarkable honor to be associated. She, in her boundless patience, could endure being deprived of music and it was not for herself that she complained, but she could not bear to see August's grief over the hush that lay upon their singing country; she lived not only for, she lived *in*, him. She wore her yellow hair in Germanic braids that coiled around her head, sitting too low to be smart; her hands were soft and large, honestly meriting the wide wedding band on the right one. She was as completely a woman as Virginia, in spite of a kind of ravening femaleness and piquant good looks, had never been one. He shuddered to think how she must be maligning him in Nevada to the other angry petitioners, and then he tried to imagine how Frau Reinmuth would behave under similar circumstances. But it was unthinkable that she should ever be a divorcée; no matter what sort of man she married, this wifely woman would somehow, he was sure, quell all disorder. Again he felt a wave of affection for her; he fancied drinking tea with her in a little crowded drawing room at the end of one of these warm days, and he saw himself walking with both the Reinmuths up through the hills behind the Philosophenweg, proving to the world by their compassionate amity that there was no longer a state of war between their country and his.



"To your very, very good health."

But he was prevented from spinning out his fantasy of a friendship with the Reinmuths because Mrs. Crowell was demanding his attention. Her present servant, she told him, was an aristocrat ("as aristocratic as a German can be," she said sotto-voce, "which isn't saying much") and might therefore be expected not to steal the spoons; now, having brought him up to date on her belowstairs problems, she changed the subject and drew him into the orbit of her bright-eyed, pervasive bustling. She understood that he had just come from Nuremberg, where she and the Judge had lived for two years. "Isn't it too profoundly *triste?*" she cried. "Where did they billet you, poor thing?"

"At the Grand Hotel," said Evan, recollecting the Wacs with their mustaches and their soldierly patois.

"Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Crowell. "My, it's simply *overrun* with awful Army children! Not children—brats. Brats, I'm sorry to say, is the only word for them. They actually roller-skate through the lobby, you know, to say nothing of the *ghastly* noise they make. I used to go to the hairdresser there and finally had to give up because of the hullabaloo."

AT the mention of Nuremberg, Dr. Reinmuth had pivoted around toward them and now, speaking across Mrs. McNaughton, he said dreamily, "Once it was a lovely town. We lived there, my wife and I, all our lives until the war. I understand there is now a French orchestra in the opera house that plays calypso for your soldiers." There sounded in his voice the same note of wonder that he had used when he acclaimed the decanters that he could not own; neither could he again possess the beauties of his birthplace. And Evan Leckie, to whom the genesis of war had always been incomprehensible, looked with astonishment at these two pacific Germans and pondered how the whole hideous mistake had come about, what Eumenides had driven this pair to hardship, humiliation, and exile. Whatever else they were, however alien their values might be, these enemies were, *sub specie aeternitatis*, of incalculable worth if for no other reason than that, in an unloving world, they loved.

Mrs. Andreas, tactfully refusing Dr.

Reinmuth's gambit, since she knew that the deterioration of the Nuremberg Opera House into a night club must be a painful subject to him, maneuvered her guests until the talk at the table became general. They all continued the exchange that had begun with Frau Reinmuth and Mr. Andreas on the Salzburg Festival; they went on to speak of Edinburgh, of the "Salome" that someone had heard at La Scala, of a coloratura who had delighted the Reinmuths in Weimar. Dr. Reinmuth then told the story of his having once defended a pianist who had been sued for slander by a violinist; the defendant had been accused of saying publicly that the plaintiff played Mozart as if the music had been written for the barrel organ and that the only thing missing was a monkey to take up a collection. This anecdote, coinciding with the arrival of the dessert, diverted the stream of talk, and Judge Crowell, whose interest in music was perfunctory and social, revived and took the floor. He told of a murder case he had tried the week before in Frankfurt and of a rape case on the docket in Stuttgart. Dr. Reinmuth countered with cases he was pleading; they matched their legal wits, made Latin puns, and so enjoyed their game that the others laughed, although they barely understood the meanings of the words.

Dr. Reinmuth, who was again fondling the decanters, said, "I suppose every lawyer is fond of telling the story of his first case. May I tell mine?" He besought his hostess with an endearing smile, and his wife, forever at his side, pled for him, "Oh, do!," and she explained, "It's such an extraordinary story of a young lawyer's first case."

He poured himself a little more Chablis and smiled and began. When he was twenty-three, in Nuremberg, just down from Bonn, with no practice at all, he had one day been called upon by the state to defend a man who had confessed to murdering an old woman and robbing her of sixty pfennig. The defense, of course, was purely a convention, and the man was immediately sentenced to death, since there was no question of his guilt or of the enormity of his crime. Some few days after the trial, Dr. Reinmuth had received an elaborate engraved invitation to the execution by guillotine, which was to be carried out in the courtyard of the Justizpalast one morning a day or so later, punctually at seven o'clock. He was instructed, in an accompanying letter, to wear a Prince Albert and a top hat.

AMERICAN PLAN

The antique Indian should be Henry James
Notebook in hand, a well-disguised impostor;
The porch should (spiritually) face the Thames
And not the Vineyard or East Gloucester.

The juke box in the Palm Court should play Herbert
For ladies quite exhausted from croquet;
The chocolate popsicle should be lime sherbet
Served in a glass on a hand-painted tray.

The man in the Hawaiian wrap-around
Should wear white flannels and a State St. boater;
His wife on water-skis across the Sound
Should make her bread-and-butter calls by motor.

His daughter in the slacks should loll and dally
Under a parasol from Maison Worth;
The things her madcap girl chums say should really
Put her in stitches, into gales of mirth.

From cupola and minaret should fly
The flags of summer, tattered, pale, and windswept.
("Gay Whirl at Ocean House" reported by
The New York *Herald* and the Boston *Transcript.*)

Photographers with tripod, hood, and birdie
Should take group portraits on the tennis lawn;
The families should look joyless, drawn, but sturdy:
Men standing, women seated, children prone.

For jolly times that should be had by all,
For moonlight sings, for roundelay and ballad,
The picnic launch should leave the boathouse full
Of citronella and potato salad.

The Kodachrome should be a freehand drawing
(The bathing beach seen from the bathhouse door)
Showing the sunset on the long withdrawing
Tide and, dimly, figures on the shore.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

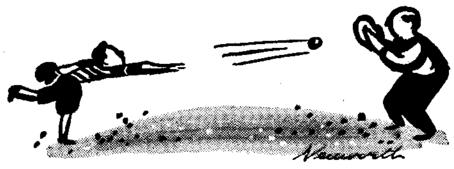
• •

Mrs. Andreas was shocked. "Guillotine? Did you *have* to go?"

Dr. Reinmuth smiled and bowed to her. "No, I was not required. It was, you see, my *right* to go, as the advocate of the prisoner."

Judge Crowell laughed deeply. "Your first case, eh, Reinmuth?" And Dr. Reinmuth spread out his hands in a mock gesture of deprecation.

"My fellow-spectators were three judges from the bench," he continued, "who were dressed, like myself, in Prince Alberts and cylinders. We were a little early when we got to the courtyard, so that we saw the last-minute preparations of the stage before the play began. Near the guillotine, with its great knife—that blade, my God in Heaven!—there stood a man in uniform with a drum, ready to drown out the sound if my client should yell."



The dimmest of frowns had gathered on Judge Crowell's forehead. "All this pomp and circumstance for sixty pfennigs?" he said.

"Right you are, sir," replied Dr. Reinmuth. "That is the irony of my story." He paused to eat a strawberry and to take a sip of wine. "Next we watched them test the machine to make sure it was in proper—shall I say decapitating?—condition. When they released it, the cleaver came down with such stupendous force that the earth beneath our feet vibrated and my brains buzzed like a bee.

"As the bells began to ring for seven, Herr Murderer was led out by two executioners, dressed as we were dressed. Their white gloves were spotless! It was a glorious morning in May. The

BINGO
LEMONADE
Alain

• •

flowers were out, the birds were singing, the sky had not a cloud. To have your head cut off on such a day!"

"For sixty pfennigs!" persisted the judge from Ohio. And Miss Dean, paling, stopped eating her dessert.

"Mein Herr had been confessed and anointed. You could fairly see the holy oil on his forehead as his keepers led him across the paving to the guillotine. The drummer was ready. As the fourth note of the seven struck in the church towers, they persuaded him to take the position necessary to the success of Dr. Guillotin's invention. One, he was horizontal! Two, the blade descended! Three, the head was off the carcass and the blood shot out from the neck like a volcano, a geyser, the flame from an explosion. No sight I saw in the war was worse. The last stroke of seven sounded. There had been no need for the drum."

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Andreas, and flushed.

Captain McNaughton stared at Dr. Reinmuth and said, "You chaps don't do things by halves, do you?"

Mrs. Andreas, frantic at the dangerous note that had sounded, menacing her party, put her hand lightly on the lawyer's and said, "I know that then you must have fainted."

Dr. Reinmuth tilted back his head and smiled at the ceiling. "No. No, I did not faint. You remember that this was a beautiful day in spring? And that I was a young man, all dressed up at seven in the morning?" He lowered his head and gave his smile to the whole company. "Faint! Dear lady, no! I took the tram back to Fürth and I called my sweetheart on the telephone." He gazed at his wife. "Liselotte was surprised, considering the hour. 'What are you thinking of? It's not eight o'clock,' she said. I flustered her then. I said, 'I know it's an unusual time of day to call, but I have something unusual to say. Will you marry me?' "

He clasped his hands together and exchanged with his wife a look as exuberant and shy as if they were in the first rapture of their romance, and, bewitched, she said, "Twenty years ago next May."

A SILENCE settled on the room. Whether Evan Leckie was the more dumfounded by Dr. Reinmuth's story of a majestic penalty to fit a sordid crime or by his ostentatious hinting at his connubial delights, he did not know. Evan sought the stunned faces of his countrymen and could not tell in them, either, what feeling was the uppermost. The party suddenly was no longer a whole; it consisted of two parts, the Americans and the Germans, and while the former outnumbered them, the Germans, in a deeper sense, had triumphed. They had joyfully danced a *Totentanz*, had implied all the details of their sixty-pfennig marriage, and they were still, even now, smiling at each other as if there had never been anything untoward in their lives.

"I could take a wife then, you see," said Dr. Reinmuth, by way of a dénouement, "since I was a full-fledged lawyer. And she could not resist me in that finery, which, as a matter of fact, I had had to hire for the occasion."

Judge Crowell lighted a cigarette, and, snatching at the externals of the tale, he said, "Didn't know you fellows used the guillotine as late as that. I've never seen one except that one they've got in the antiquarian place in Edinburgh. They call it the Maiden."

Dr. Reinmuth poured the very last of the Chablis into his glass, and, turning to Mrs. Andreas, he said, "It was nectar and I've drunk it all. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

—JEAN STAFFORD

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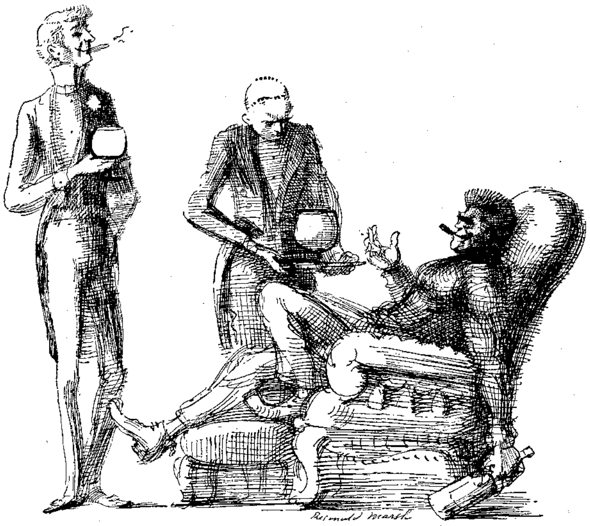
Fortunes were made and lost in a wave of speculation in tulips in Holland and adjoining countries in the 1630s, according to the Associated Press.—*The Times.*

A usually reliable source.

PROFILES

LEGEND OF A SPORT

POSTSCRIPT: THE PRIZERING PHASE—II



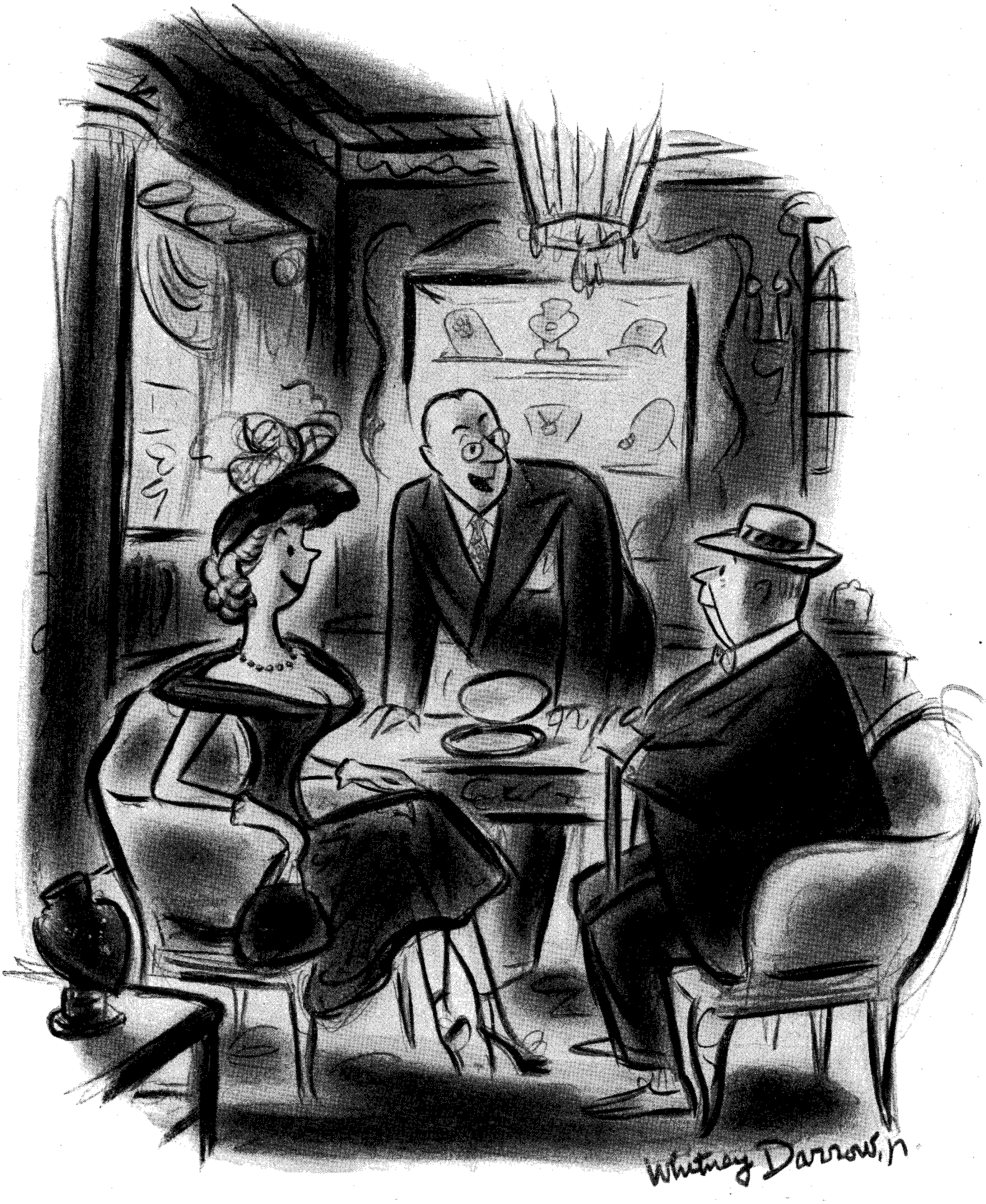
Wilson Mizner had been devoted to prizefighting for many years before he became manager of the middleweight champion Stanley Ketchel in 1910. He gave convincing evidence of his love of the game in 1906 when, after marrying "the forty-million-dollar widow," Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, he turned one wing of the Yerkes mansion, on Fifth Avenue, into a training camp for prizefighters. Mizner was proud of his big brown home, with its Italian garden and two fine art galleries. He was highly pleased at being the successor of the late Yerkes, who had constructed the Chicago "L" and part of the London Tube. In one moment of enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "I own everything that runs on wheels in Chicago!," and in another he said, "I'm the only man who was ever accused of stealing a subway." It had taken Yerkes a lifetime of industry and rascality to build up his estate; Wilson sang himself into it in a few weeks. He had good looks and a wonderful line of conversation, but it was his singing of sad old ballads that made him irresistible to the widow.

Mizner was proud of his neighbors. He was close enough to the Astors to run over with a plate of soup in case of illness. Thomas Fortune Ryan lived next door. Andy Carnegie was a few blocks up the Avenue. Mizner was now as close to the Fricks and Garys, Vanderbilts, Goelets, and Whitneys as he had been in the Klondike to Diamond Tooth Gertie, the Scurvy Kid, Nellie the Pig, Two-Toothed Mike, Deep-Hole Johnson, and Jerkline Sam. Yerkes had fixed the house up very much to the taste of Wilson Mizner. He had spent several million dollars building the stately four-story edifice on the south corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street. He had poured out additional millions on carving, painting, gilding, and inlaying the interior and had stocked it with art treasures selected with considerable judgment. Prizefighters have seldom worked off their surplus fat in more elegant surroundings.

Mizner said later that he had the shock and scare of his life when he was running his palace as a training camp. Waking late one morning with a hangover, he had walked to the great Roman pool of gold-mounted green onyx that served him as a bathtub. He was halfway down the marble stairs to the water when he was petrified by the sight of the symbol of the Black Hand on a tapestry. After his marriage, Mizner had received sacks of begging letters, which were followed by sacks of threatening letters. He had scoffed at Black Hand letters, but in 1906 no man could scoff at the dread emblem in his own bathroom. The Black Hand was then a busy organization, and bombs and infernal machines were popping all over town. Mizner's first thought was that some of his battalion of servants must be Black Handers. Suddenly, however, to his immense relief, the explanation occurred to him. On the preceding day, one of the footmen had, with some misgivings, ushered in a fighter named Kid Broad, and Mizner had told the Kid to take a bath. As the Kid was cautiously tiptoeing into the water, he steadied himself by putting his hand on the tapestry.

The mansion was a marvellous playhouse for Mizner and his sporting pals. Yerkes, who belonged to the old school of miscellaneous collectors, had picked up a vast variety of antique hand bells, enamelled and jewelled with saints, heroes, and landscapes, and Mizner could ring for his servants with any one of a hundred little instruments of exquisite workmanship. Yerkes had also been a collector of antique timepieces, and Mizner, a perpetual adolescent, lost his mind over the Clock Room. The clocks were silent when he became master of the mansion, and one of his first directions to his servants was to wind them all up and to bring in experts to deal with the recalcitrant ones. Every hour on the hour, the Clock Room was a pandemonium. A whole aviary of stuffed birds began to whistle and sing. Muscular men in cast metal stepped out of hidden doors and smote gongs with sledge hammers. A full orchestra of tiny musicians swung out on a turntable, slowly raised their bows, and then frantically sawed away at violin strings. Nineteenth-century railroad clocks clanged and whistled as locomotives emerged from one tunnel with a train of passenger coaches and disappeared into another. Steamships came out screeching, paddled under bridges, and cruised back into their cases. Peasants came forth and called their cows with melodious horns. Clocks pealed, tolled, and jingled, and rendered minuets from hidden music boxes. Roy L. McCardell, writer and inventor of a thousand advertising slogans, was a friend of Mizner's and a visitor at the mansion. He estimated the number of clocks at two thousand. The cream of the fun for Mizner was showing the room to friends with hangovers and seeing their nervous systems murdered when all the clocks let go at once. Mizner told McCardell that his first serious domestic strife arose over the clock situation. He came home sober one morning, went to bed a little after 3 A.M., and was roused at four by the shrieking of a cuckoo clock in his own room. He had ordered his servants to make every clock run, and they had taken him literally. He got up, cursing, and found the clock, high up on the wall and out of reach. He went to the Yerkes arsenal, on the fourth floor, returned to his room, and went to bed again. When the cuckoo screamed at 5 A.M., he lit the lights and gave it both barrels of one of the Yerkes shotguns. That, according to McCardell, started the bride wondering whether her new consort had the true Fifth Avenue spirit.

Mizner's honeymoon was still producing dividends when Willus Britt, one of the superior crazy men of San Francisco, arrived in New York. Mizner loved him like a brother. They had been pals and accomplices for years in Nome and San Francisco. Willus,



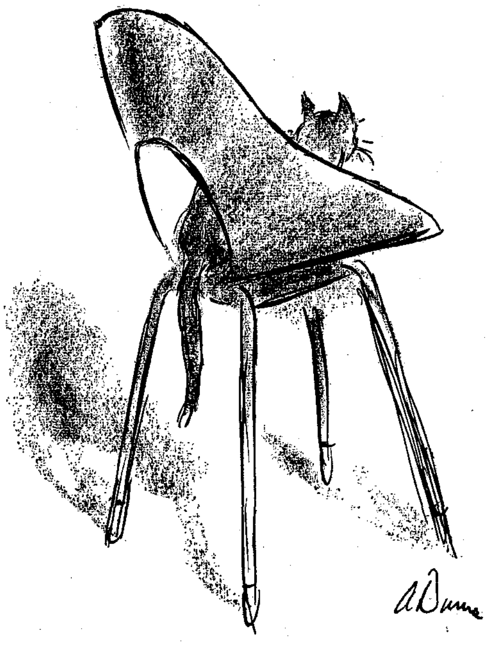
"Notice how it brings out the gleam in her eyes?"

• •

who preceded Mizner in the dynasty of managers of Stanley Ketchel, was in 1906 managing his brother, Jimmy Britt, a great lightweight, who was scheduled to fight at the old Madison Square Garden with Terrible Terry McGovern. Willus felt that the training camp in the Yerkes mansion lacked facilities for roadwork, and he took his brother to Coney Island. Mizner closed up his palatial gym and joined them there. This caused a certain amount of domestic friction. Mrs. Yerkes had been horrified by the publicity attending her marriage to Mizner, especially by the cartoons of Tom Powers and by reports that had reached her of the ribald ballads on the Mizner-Yerkes nuptials that were sung at Hammerstein's by Jack Norworth. Just as the notoriety was simmering down, the sporting pages broke out with accounts of Mizner's sparring with Sam Berger, the learned and philosophical heavyweight of San Francisco. Mizner was not a man to let a few millions stand between him and the fun of hanging around a training camp, and he became the new Coney Island sensation. He hired an infant prodigy called Groucho Marx to sing to Jimmy Britt in order to cure him of homesickness, and he helped Willus with the arrangements for the fight, which resulted in a victory for Jimmy Britt before ten thousand people. After the fight, the fighters were arrested on suspicion of fighting, but the case was dropped for lack of evidence. Mizner went home and made up with his lawfully wedded lady, but after several additional differences and reconciliations he chucked the millions out the window forever, in the summer of 1906, by going to Goldfield, Nevada, to hang around the training camps of Joe Gans and Battling Nelson.

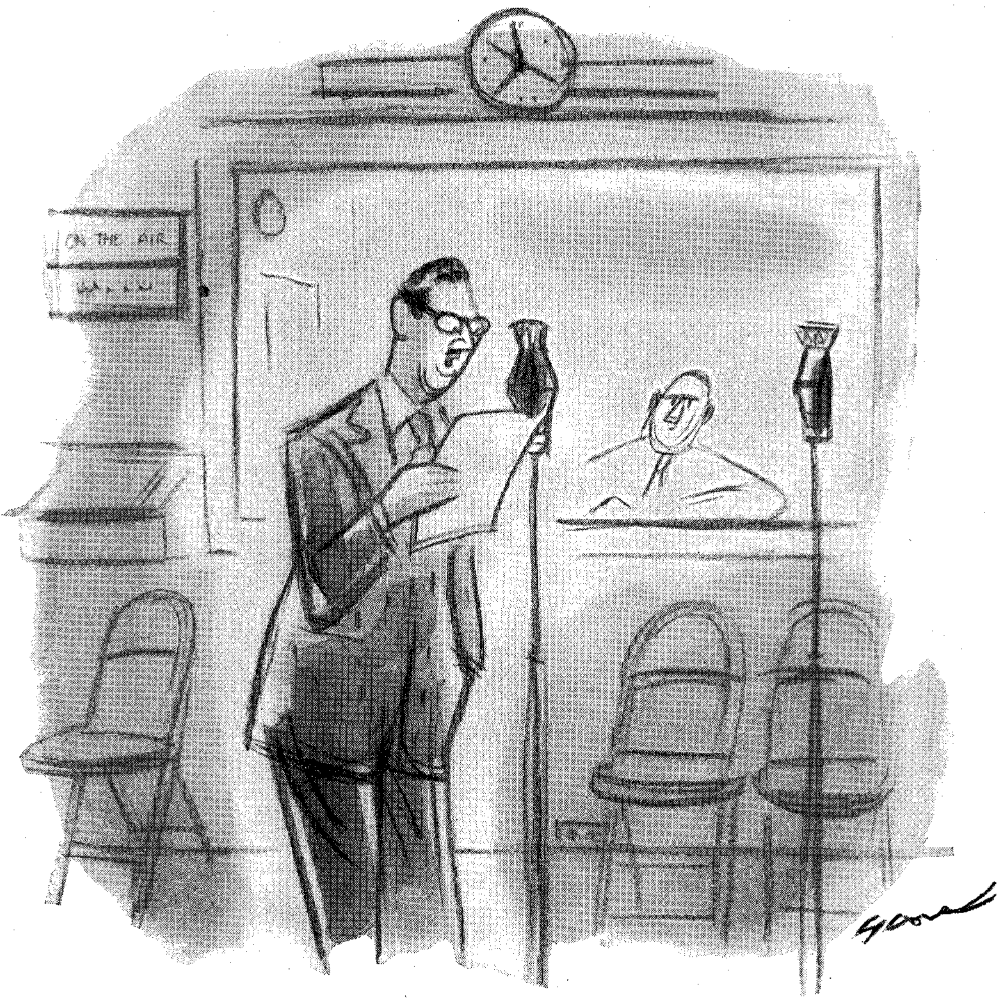
MIZNER was thirty-three when, in 1910, he became the manager of Stanley Ketchel. At seventeen, he had managed a boxing black bear, and in the sixteen intervening years he had managed fighters in Dawson City and Nome and picked up great fistic experience in San Francisco. Bat Masterson, onetime free-shooting Western marshal and later sportswriter on the New York *Morning Telegraph*, has said that Mizner attracted much favorable attention as a gentleman sparring partner. Mizner, according to Bat, made such a showing against the great heavyweight Tom Sharkey that he was implored by Sharkey's manager, Tim McGrath, to turn professional, but Mizner was afraid of alienating his extremely respectable family. According to Bat, Mizner contemplated turning professional only once, and that was when a miner named Jack Munroe was matched with Jeffries for the heavyweight title. As Wilson made a practice of sampling the punches of all champions and contenders, he sparred with Munroe and found that he could handle him like a sack of potatoes. Thereupon, Mizner confided to intimates that he was going to take a shot at the heavyweight crown himself if Jeffries had any trouble with the miner. But when Munroe collapsed almost at sight of the champion, Mizner decided to cling to his amateur standing. Mizner was, in fact, a rather silly amateur in most matters. While he devoted much of his life to preying on suckers, he was himself the prize sucker of the era. He let everybody else cash in on his wit and brilliance. Short stories and theatrical dialogue were plundered from his conversation; he threw more anecdotes and epigrams into the public domain than any other man of his time. In similar fashion, he gave away his fistic science as an unpaid sparring partner and lavished it on the public in street fights and saloon brawls. Jack Hines, a globe-trotter and the author of "Minstrel of the Yukon," said he was present when Mizner took the revolvers out of the hands of two men who were blazing away at each other in a Nome saloon, and said, "You kids oughtn't to be allowed to play with these toys." One of the San Francisco weeklies commemorated a fracas at Spider Kelly's saloon in which Mizner fought against enormous odds until he was finally subdued by three civilians, a policeman with a night-stick, and a bartender with a bung starter named Dearest, in honor of Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother.

Tim McGrath wrote a letter to Mark Kelly, Los Angeles sports and screen writer, describing a battle in which Mizner knocked out longshoremen by platoons in a San Francisco barroom. Wilson, one of the leading dudes in town, wore a suit that was a declaration of war in a waterfront saloon. He started to sing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," with which he had melted sourdough audiences in the Klondike and Alaska. There was a horse laugh. Mizner resented it, and in a moment everybody was punching. Mizner was, luckily, accompanied not only by McGrath but also by the savage middleweight Mysterious Billy Smith, so called because in his early days in the ring he kept disappearing and changing his name. He was famous for biting off a chunk of the ear of the Barbados Demon, Joe Walcott, and for biting a chunk off the index finger of his manager, who had taken the liberty of shaking it at him. McGrath wrote that in the end only one of the longshoremen was on his feet. Mizner was punching away at this man, and the man was paying no attention. Poor Mizner was in despair, believing he had lost his wallop, until Mysterious Billy Smith shouted, "Leave him alone, Wilson! I knocked him out five minutes ago!" Billy's punch had wedged the man between two pieces of furniture, so he couldn't fall.



Mizner was arrested several times in New York for rough-and-tumble fighting, twice becoming the hero of spectacular trials that resulted in acquittals. One complainant asserted that he thought Mizner had hit him with a pile driver; another penned a challenge to Mizner in blood. Wilson's physical condition deteriorated in his early thirties, but he was still able to throw one terrific punch. If his one punch landed, it would finish an average opponent; if it missed, Mizner was through. Old-time acquaintances of his say that when Mizner saw that war was inevitable, he would arrange for friends to interfere and stop the brawl after his one punch. In an interview in San Francisco, in his riper days, Mizner delivered a sermon against striking one's fellow-man with one's fist. "If you do," he said, "he goes out to the washbasin and is soon almost as good as new. But you go to the emergency hospital with two awkward doctors trying to get your broken knuckles back in place. Then you are out for two months. Always hit a man with a bottle—a ketchup bottle preferred, for when that breaks he thinks he's bleeding to death." Mizner was loyal to this principle in the latter part of his life. Once, a year or two before his death, when he was dining in a Los Angeles restaurant with Cecil Beaton, Irving Berlin, and Anita Loos, some people at another table started to heckle Berlin. Fat and decrepit though he was, Mizner went into action with bottles, glasses, and crockery, driving out not only the hecklers but the peaceful patrons of the restaurant. "How are you, Cecil?" Berlin asked after it was all over. "I am gray," said Beaton.

MIZNER was introduced to Ketchel by Willus Britt in a hotel room in San Francisco, and Ketchel opened the conversation by cursing Mizner hysterically for throwing his hat on the bed—the worst kind of bad luck. After this poor start, Mizner and Ketchel got on wonderfully. They had much in common. Both of them were ordinarily brimming over with high spirits, and neither of them cared much about anything, although they were both rank sentimentalists, always ready to cry over a sad story or a sad song. The main difference between them was that Mizner was a sophisticated child of nature and Ketchel was an unsophisticated one. Ketchel had been a bouncer in the underworld of Butte, and Mizner had been an executive in the underworld of Nome, and each was tinged with the red-light philosophy of life. Ketchel had a thirst for knowledge, and Mizner had a passion for imparting it. Whenever he could get his clutches on an untaught intellect, he tried to inspire it with a love of literature by reciting poetry. Irving Berlin was the most eminent of Mizner's pupils. Catching Berlin just after his singing-waiter days, when his mind was still a blank sheet of paper as far as general culture was concerned, Mizner sought to create an appetite for literature in the young genius by reciting Kipling's "If" and Wallace Irwin's "Chinatown Ballads" to him. Ketchel delighted in hearing Mizner declaim verses and read O. Henry stories. The middleweight champ was stunned by Mizner's recitation of the Langdon Smith classic that starts "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish, In the Palaeozoic time" and follows the romance of two lovers from one geological age to another, until they wind up in Rector's. Ketchel had a thousand questions about the tadpole and the fish, and Mizner, a pedagogue at heart, took immense pleasure in wedging the whole theory of evolution into the fighter's untutored head. Ketchel became silent and thoughtful. He declined an invitation to see the town that night with Mizner and Britt. When they rolled in at 5 A.M., Ketchel was sitting up with his eyes glued on a bowl of goldfish. "That evolution is all the bunk!" he shouted angrily. "I've been watching those fish nine hours and they haven't changed a bit." Mizner had to talk fast; one thing Ketchel couldn't bear was to have anybody cross him. He was a creature of emotions, and he could be a lamb or a devil, according to which emotion happened to be stirred up.



"At eight-thirty we bring you Ray Murdock in the news behind the news, and at eight-forty-five Marvin Weems in the news behind that."

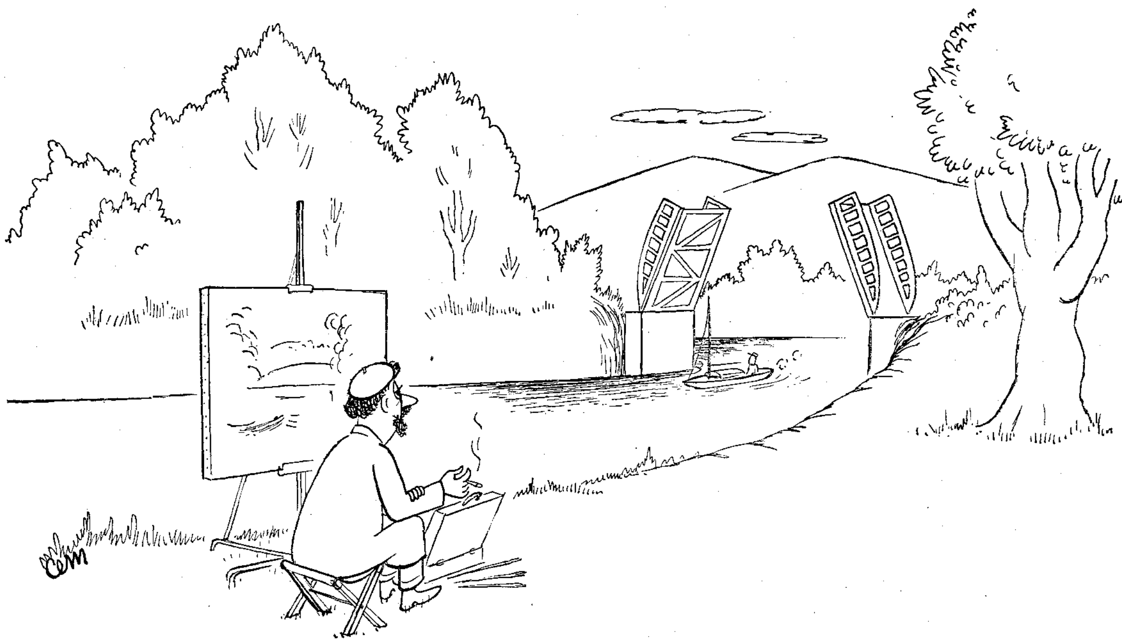
One night, Mizner, Britt, and a famous newspaper artist took Ketchel to meet the chatelaine and maids of honor of one of New York's gaudiest establishments. They received a wild welcome. Corks popped, and eyes sparkled with love and larceny. Suddenly it was discovered that Ketchel was missing. There was a quick search, and he was found in the entrance hall weeping and wailing. On the wall was the picture entitled "Lost in the Storm," showing a sheep in a blizzard. "Oh, the poor little thing!" Ketchel sobbed again and again. A few days later, he opened fire with a Colt .44 through the door of his bedroom at Woodlawn Inn and put a bullet through the leg of one of his best friends, Peter (Pete the Goat) Stone, a night-club owner, who had persisted in knocking at the door to get him up for his roadwork. In the ring, Ketchel was handicapped at times by his humanity. He was loath to hurt any opponent he regarded as a nice fellow. Edward Dean Sullivan, author of "The Fabulous Wilson Mizner," stated that Ketchel, in order to overcome the disadvantage of his good humor, would say to himself in the middle of a round, "That son of a bitch insulted your mother," and filial piety would then turn him into "an example of tumultuous ferocity"—to borrow Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's description of him.

Ketchel had emerged from obscurity on July 4, 1907, when he fought a twenty-round draw at Marysville, California, with Joe Thomas, claimant of the middleweight championship. In the next two years, Ketchel knocked out middleweights and heavyweights in great abundance. He was being managed by a San Francisco photographer named Joe Coffman, who was said to hypnotize him, keep him locked in a bedroom, and impound his clothes every night to prevent other managers from stealing him. In 1908, Willus Britt climbed up a fire escape and stole Ketchel in a bathrobe, according to W. O. McGeehan, the famous sports columnist. Britt was regarded as the smartest manager in the country. A few years earlier, he had been considered rattlebrained. He had once tried to borrow five hundred dollars from James W. Coffroth, the San Francisco sporting czar, for a business trip to New York. Noticing that he was dressed in evening trousers but no coat, Coffroth loaned him a hundred freshly minted pennies, which Willus took for five-dollar gold pieces. Overwhelming Coffroth with gratitude, Britt caught the next train East in his shirtsleeves, with his rouleau of one-cent pieces, and a few weeks later came home comparatively wealthy. Coffroth was greatly impressed, named a saloon the Willus in Britt's honor, and went into business with him. Willus was credited with inventing the Native Son decision, according to which any Californian, if alive at the end of a prizefight, was automatically victorious over any nonresident. After mopping up the Western territory with Ketchel, Britt decided to take him East. W. O. McGeehan, who was then living in San Francisco, called on Britt and Ketchel shortly before they left California and was surprised to find Ketchel wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key. Britt said that he had procured it at Abe Attell's pawnshop and that he intended to present Ketchel in New York as a young fellow fighting his way through college. Coffroth disapproved of the idea because Ketchel said "dese," "dem," and "dose." Britt said that New Yorkers would never know the difference, but Coffroth had the key stolen, and Britt decided to take Ketchel to New York as a cowboy in high-heeled boots, spurs, chaps, and a sombrero.

Mizner became involved in the management of Ketchel as an unpaid specialist on the political and graft setup in New York. Prizefighting was as illegal as cockfighting or bullfighting. The referees never named a winner, since the fighters were not supposed to seek victory but to coöperate like dancing partners. Any person who "instigated a contention" was liable to a five-hundred-dollar fine or a year in jail; the same penalties were incurred by persons who "published a challenge" or who "trained or assisted a fighter to train." Like streetwalking and gambling, however, prizefighting was generally tolerated upon the payment of protection money. In his ignorance of New York, Britt found himself paying protection to the wrong parasites, and he called Mizner in to teach him the difference between the responsible tapeworms and the frauds. Fights were at that time put on by "athletic clubs," which were organized the way speakeasies were later. Every new arrival was scrutinized by sentinels; anybody who looked like a reformer or stool pigeon was barred. There was no public sale of tickets. Only duly elected club members were admitted. The payment of two dollars at any saloon near the arena made any man a duly elected club member and provided him with a card calling for a good seat; one dollar made him a junior member, with a card entitling him to a bad seat. According to the late Bob Davis, every card was issued in the name of John Smith, in order to simplify the clerical work. Club meetings usually started with a speech bawling out members for being derelict in attendance at previous meetings and threatening drastic action under the bylaws.

In spite of the punctual payment of graft, fights were raided whenever the authorities were seized with a fit of law and order, and elaborate precautions were considered necessary to prove that the entertainment consisted strictly of amateur sparring exhibitions of, for, and by club members. The principal arenas were an old dance hall and an old stable, Madison Square Garden having become too ladylike for fistic programs. The legal niceties of boxing were like those of drinking in the prohibition era. Soft punches were innocent, like soft drinks under the Volstead Act. But a hard blow was like hard liquor and instantly transformed all present into criminals. The only thing that saved the boxing game in those dark days was club loyalty. It was impossible to find a clubman who had seen a violation of the law. On one occasion, a Headquarters detective tried to stop a fight in the stable. He was thrown down a twenty-foot hay chute. The incident was invisible to fifteen hundred clubmen, including about a hundred policemen, all honorary members. But at best the boxing situation was precarious. Newspapers joined the reformers in demanding the suppression of the sport. The New York *Globe* asserted that the so-called "sparring matches" were gory encounters, denoting a low state of civilization, and charged that "the brutalized spectators howl with delight at a knockout." A bill was offered in Congress making it a crime to mail a picture of a fighter and cancelling the postal rights of newspapers that printed news of fights. It was dangerous for a pugilist to admit that he was a pugilist; it placed him outside the law and in danger of being "vagged," or jugged as a vagabond. Ketchel and Mizner were once arrested on a charge of speeding. When Ketchel appeared in court, he was asked his occupation. "Physical instructor," he said. In view of the general situation, Britt felt that he couldn't have too much unpaid advice. He wouldn't trust anybody but Californians, and Mizner became his chief adviser. Britt and Mizner called in Hype Igoe, a cartoonist and sportswriter of Native Son origin, as an additional consultant.

One of Britt's peculiarities was that although he constantly solicited advice, he seldom took it. After collecting the best opinions available, he would leave all important decisions to a pack of playing cards. He had studied under celebrated fortune-tellers, and he always carried in his pocket a deck of cards, which he used as an artificial brain. Whenever he had to make a decision, he would select a card and take a surreptitious look at it. If the card was lucky, he would say "Yes;" if unlucky, "No;" if dubious, "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it." One day, Mizner stole Britt's lit-



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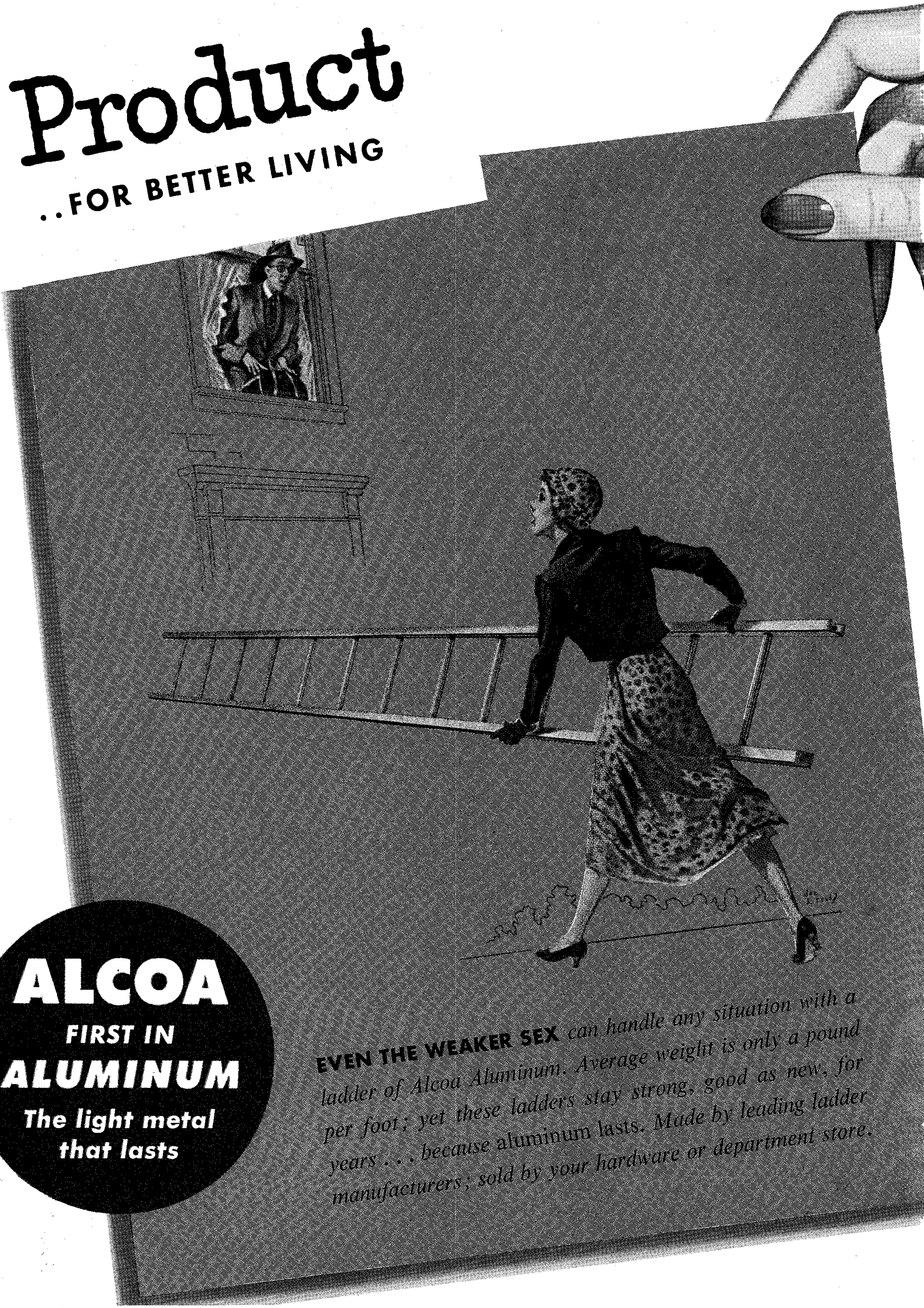

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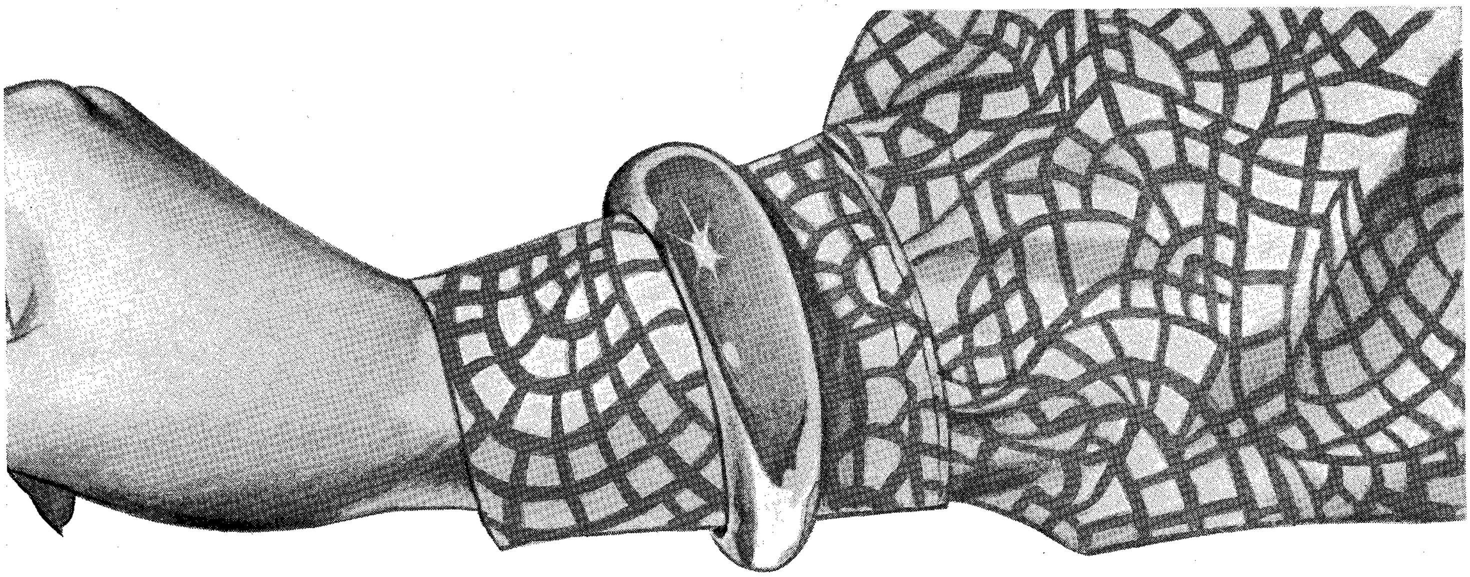

Story
BEHIND THE PRODUCT

ONE OF THE BOYS in the shop at an Alcoa plant had an idea. He also had a basement workshop, in which he began to make a crude aluminum ladder. Then, one Saturday afternoon, his boss — the shop superintendent — dropped in.

"I believe you've got something there, Sam", mused the boss. "But why not . . .", and he showed Sam a better way of putting in the ladder rungs to make them firm. "When you get it far enough along", he suggested, "take it to the boys in the Development Division".

"Yeah?" Sam looked dubious. "But they're supposed to help our *customers*. They won't have time".

"Listen, Sam", said his boss . . . "they'll help anyone who seems to be pointed toward a real market for aluminum. Customers — sure. But why not our own folks, too?"

The boss's suggestion made Sam's crude model a better ladder. Enthusiastic help from Alcoa's Development Division showed him the right forms and alloys of strong, lasting Alcoa Aluminum to use, for production models.

Thus Sam, a man with an idea, became a ladder manufacturer. Today, you can buy his light, strong ladders of Alcoa Aluminum in many places. And the business proved large enough for others; today there are many makes of aluminum ladders on the market.

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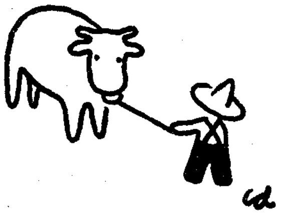
tle god of fifty-two opinions and substituted a deck consisting entirely of queens of spades. Every time Britt peered into the future, the lady of disaster glared at him. He went all to pieces, spent a week in bed under a doctor's care, and thereafter meekly accepted the suggestions of Mizner and Igoe.

Ketchel's most spectacular fight in New York was his ten-round battle with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Nobody knows who won it. O'Brien, the light-heavyweight champion, was one of the cleverest fighters alive—a jigging, feinting, shuttling, sidestepping, jabbing artist. For seven rounds, he played Ketchel like a snare drum. But his style required incessant motion and, beginning to tire in the eighth round, he spent the rest of the fight trying to save himself. Ketchel landed one of his authentic knockout punches in the closing seconds of the last round. As the referee was counting "six," the gong sounded. O'Brien was unconscious for half an hour. Referees' decisions being forbidden by law, there was only the "newspaper decision," which was mixed, some writers declaring for Jack, since he had won the majority of rounds and was way ahead on points, while others maintained that no man could win a fight in a coma. Some weeks later, in Philadelphia, Ketchel knocked O'Brien out in three rounds. The contemporary accounts credit O'Brien with great gameness under a savage battering, but O'Brien told a different story to Leo McClatchy and other Washington correspondents nearly twenty years later, when he was in the capital in quest of publicity for Philadelphia Jack's Gymnasium for Business Men, in New York. The newspapers had revealed that President Coolidge was taking off weight by riding a mechanical horse, and O'Brien had memorized a speech to the President in which he offered to come to Washington three times a week and fight the President into condition in the White House basement—FREE. But when he was presented to the President, Jack turned pale, trembled, and couldn't say a word. He tried afterward to salvage a little publicity by telling the correspondents the nature of his mission, and he threw in the story of his life, including the statement that he had taken a dive in the third round of his second fight with Ketchel. Ketchel's backers, he said, were willing to pay for a quick knockout, believing that it would convince the public that Ketchel was a genuine White Hope, with a real chance of delivering the great Caucasian race from its bondage to Jack Johnson, the colored champion.



Nineteen hundred and nine was the big year of the White Hopes. The barrooms were the chief intellectual centers of the country at the time, and it was their despairing conviction that the long career of the fair-skinned peoples had ended with the defeat of Tommy Burns by Jack Johnson in 1908. The gymnasiums were full of clumsy giants training to save our pasty-faced civilization. Ketchel was the best bet of the disinherited albino, although he weighed only a hundred and fifty-five pounds, while Johnson weighed over two hundred. This discrepancy was minimized by the use of crooked scales, which built Ketchel up to a hundred and seventy and cut Johnson down to a hundred and ninety-five. The fight between Ketchel and Johnson was held in Colma, California, on October 16, 1909, and the high tide of Ketchel's career came in the twelfth round, when he knocked Johnson down. Low tide came an instant later, when Johnson knocked him out. The orthodox analysis of this contest was that Johnson had agreed to "carry" Ketchel, or handle him carefully, but that Ketchel attempted to double-cross him. According to Marty Forkins, manager of the late Bill Robinson, the only agreement was that the men were to fight gently for ten rounds in order to let the motion pictures run for a decent length, and that after ten rounds it was each man for himself. Tiv Krelling, a photographer at the fight, says that both the knockdown and the knockout were faked in order to give a box-office climax to the fight pictures. The greatest of living ring chroniclers, Dumb Dan Morgan—nicknamed Dumb by the cartoonist Tad Dorgan because he once talked seven and a half hours without pausing for punctuation—was told by Johnson that Ketchel hit him honestly and hurt him badly. Johnson said that he had a few seconds of intense meditation when he was sitting on the canvas; he felt that his situation was distinctly awkward and that the only course to pursue was to put all he had into one tremendous punch. This was a critical resolution for Johnson to take, since he was preëminently a defensive fighter. A great defensive fighter hates to turn loose his best wallop at an undamaged

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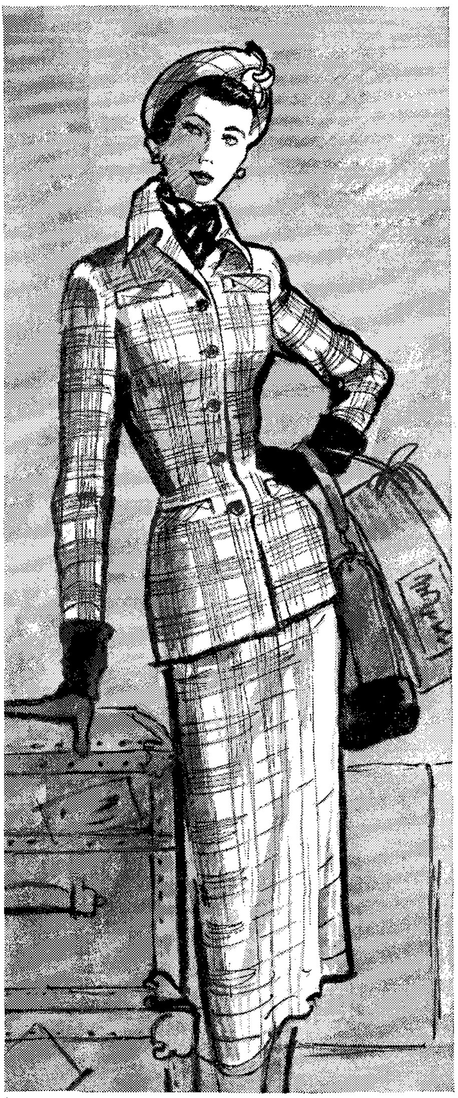

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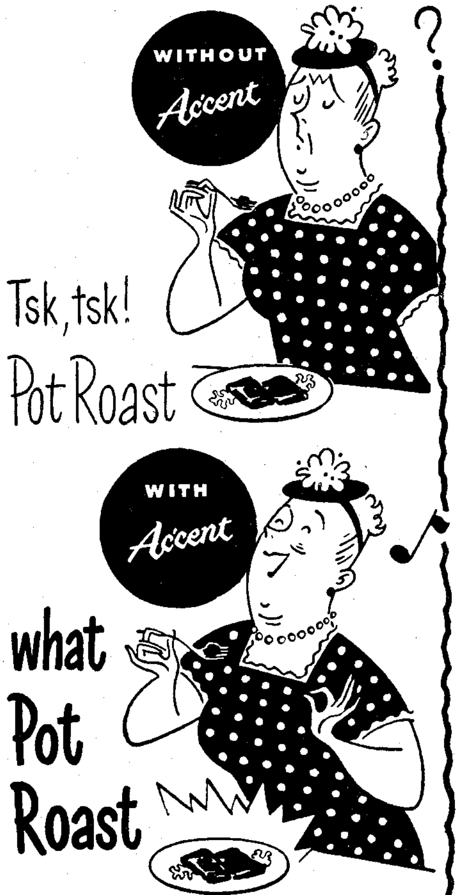

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adversary; it spoils his defensive arrangements, for if the punch misses, he is likely to find himself a wide-open target for a counterpunch. But Johnson didn't miss. His final punch not only flattened Ketchel but knocked out his two upper front teeth, sensational relics that Willus carried in his vest pocket and displayed to spellbound crowds in San Francisco barrooms.

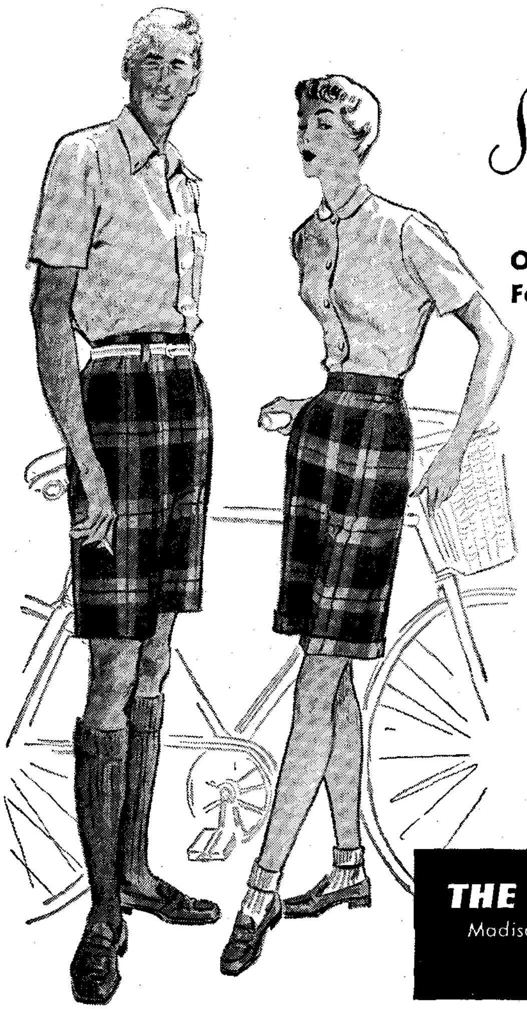
WILLUS BRITT died shortly after the Johnson-Ketchel fight, and Mizner became the fullfledged manager of Ketchel. In his first few months under the Mizner banner, the middleweight champion added little to his reputation. Wurra Wurra McLaughlin, sporting editor of the New York *World*, wrote that Ketchel had ruined himself by "hitting the hop." Ketchel refused to leave a bar in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to keep a contract to spar in the local opera house, and he was chased out of town by a posse. Mizner pledged the appearance of Ketchel at another exhibition there, but he couldn't find his fighter in time. He eventually located Ketchel lying in bed smoking opium with a blonde and a brunette. Mizner was later asked how he met this crisis. "What the hell could I do?" said Mizner. "I said, 'Move over.' "

Ketchel was a fighter who often took his training seriously, and, in spite of his wild life, he would at times work furiously at Woodlawn Inn, or at New Dorp, S. I., to get himself back into condition. His most famous fight under Mizner's management was a six-round, no-decision battle with Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, in Philadelphia, on April 27, 1910. According to the accounts, it was a savage affair in which each man gave and received terrific punishment. The *Morning Telegraph* said that Ketchel looked like the loser at the end of the fifth round but that he earned a draw by pounding Langford ferociously in the sixth. The New York *Press* also called it a draw. The *Morning* and *Evening World* reported that Ketchel had won by a wide margin. His share of the receipts was nine thousand dollars, the largest sum he ever collected for a fight in the East. In retrospect, it was the Battle of the Legends. Ketchel and Langford are the twin Paul Bunyans of prizering folklore. As a whim, Ketchel is said to have knocked out six heavyweights in Butte one afternoon and, while half stupefied with opium, to have knocked out four heavyweights by mistake at a charity benefit in New York. Damon Runyon wrote, "It has been my observation that the memory of Ketchel prejudiced the judgment of everyone who was ever associated with him. They can never see any other fighter." There is an ever growing flood of reminiscences about Ketchel in the sporting pages and the gladiatorial magazines. Ketchel's ghost is the biggest contemporary ring figure, next to Joe Louis. Langford is not the swaggering demigod that Ketchel is, but the old-time experts generally rated him above Ketchel. Dumb Dan Morgan, for example, claims that no fighter, with the exception of Jeffries, could have held his own with Langford in an unfixed combat. Langford was short and weighed only a hundred and sixty-five pounds, but he had long, powerful arms, and staggering statistics are presented as to the number of ribs he broke with his left to the body. Jack Johnson is said to have fled three continents to avoid risking his title against Langford. Veteran fight fans tell of one of Langford's exploits that parallels Babe Ruth's alleged feat of pointing his bat toward the centerfield bleachers and then driving a ball to the spot indicated. Langford, they say, once fought a White Hope whose manager had proclaimed him to be the coming champion of the world. Skillfully maneuvering the White Hope along the ropes, Langford knocked him into the manager's lap, shouting, "Here comes your champion!" It is asserted that Langford, when he was old and almost totally blind, knocked men out by ear, getting the range of his opponent's jaw by calculations based on the sound of the opponent's feet shuffling on the canvas.

Many of the thirty-third-degree experts of 1910 refused to make the trip from New York to Philadelphia to see the Ketchel-Langford bout. They were convinced that Ketchel wouldn't enter the ring with Langford unless the fight was fixed. The newspapers said it was a glorious and evenly matched contest, but many of the experts were skeptical, and some of them are skeptical to this day. One of the Langford idolizers happened to be Mizner's lawyer. He asked his client for inside information. "Why, the fight was written like a play," said Mizner. "We had it surge to and fro like a melodrama. First, Ketchel in dire distress, then Langford, then Ketchel, and so on. It's the old, old plot." Mizner told his lawyer that he would have had Ketchel win the newspaper decision had he not feared an outcry from the Langford fans that might hurt the fight business, so he arranged to have Philadelphia newspaper opinion add up to a draw. Mizner stated further that, in order to make sure that the scenario was enacted as written, Langford was authoritatively informed that he would not receive a cent of his five-thousand-dollar share of the purse if he knocked Ketchel out.

Ketchel was matched to put on a similar six-act melodrama, ending in a draw, with Willie Lewis, a dashing middleweight. Both fighters gave their word of honor that they wouldn't try for a knockout. The day before the fight, Willie's manager went into a church and lit several candles before the statue of a saint—a common practice of pious fighters and managers. Dumb Dan Morgan, who accompanied Lewis's manager to the church, was aware of the gentlemen's agreement for a draw and was surprised to hear his companion utter a petition for a victory for Willie Lewis and then drop twenty-five cents in the contribution box. As the fight got under way, Ketchel began to swing with studied inaccuracy at his opponent. Willie, however, picked a nice opening, and hit Ketchel with all his power, and followed the blow up with a try for a knockout. Ketchel barely managed to weather the storm. At the end of the round, instead of sitting on his stool and being fussed over by his seconds, Ketchel stood up on it and fixed his eye on Willie with an eloquent and reproachful stare. In the second round, Willie kept running away, but Ketchel caught up with him and summarily knocked him out. "You are the smartest manager in the business," said Dumb Dan Morgan to Willie's manager. "You tried to get the world's middleweight championship for two bits." "I would've if that saint had stood up," replied Willie's manager.

In New York, on June 10, 1910, Ketchel fought his last fight, his opponent being Jim Smith, a mediocre heavyweight. Reporting the Ketchel-Smith fight, the *Morning Telegraph* said, "Wilson Mizner was on deck, of course, bossing the fight in the champion's corner. He was dressed as though for a party instead of a fight and did not soil his immaculate attire by swinging a towel or dashing water with a sponge." The *Telegraph* added that Mizner's face showed signs of anxiety under its icy gambler's mask. Ketchel failed to exhibit his old power. He nearly exhausted himself before he succeeded in dropping Smith in the fifth round. The general opinion of the fight critics



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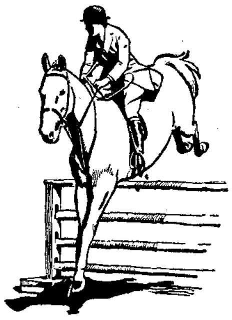

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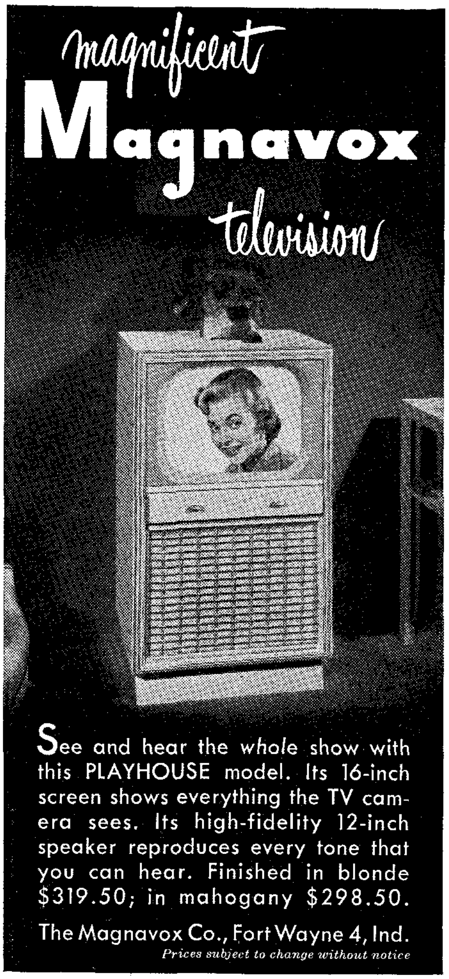

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was that Ketchel was no longer the old Michigan Assassin. Bat Masterson said that Ketchel had been ruined by dancing masters and tailors. He also remarked that with his own eyes he had seen Ketchel leading a grand march at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and that he had a wardrobe of beautiful clothes that would sap any fighter's vitality.

Ketchel was still deeply concerned over the destiny of the white race. Its last Hope was the former champion Jim Jeffries, who after six years of retirement was matched to fight Johnson in Reno on July 4, 1910. Ketchel and Mizner went to Reno late in June. They were realistic enough to see that Jeffries was in no condition to save the white race, and they were philosophers enough to bet their shirts on Johnson, but Ketchel brooded and brooded. Shortly before the fight, he came to Mizner with a statesmanlike project. Just before the bout, the attending celebrities would be introduced to the spectators and would shake hands with the fighters. Ketchel proposed that, instead of shaking hands with Jeffries, he clip him on the chin. One punch, he said, would knock him cold. This would save the honor of the unpigmented, since a Caucasian wallop would have finished the career of Jeffries. "But think of our dough!" said Mizner. "Look at the money we stand to win when Johnson beats him!" It took an hour's arguing to convince Ketchel that he ought to let the white race take care of itself.

In August, 1910, Mizner arranged for Ketchel to fight Bill Lang, an Australian heavyweight, in New York. At the last minute, Mizner cancelled the match, saying that Ketchel had a boil and a sore foot. Charles I. Meegan charged on the front page of the *Telegraph* that the bout had been shelved because Hugh McIntosh, manager of Lang, refused to post a five-thousand-dollar guarantee that Lang wouldn't knock Ketchel out. Mizner treated the Meegan charges with haughty silence. He had his defenders among the insiders in the fight game. Most of them knew that Ketchel was on the downgrade when Mizner became his manager and that "knockout insurance" was necessary to prolong the colorful battler's career.

IN September, 1910, Ketchel went to a farm near Springfield, Missouri, to live the simple life for a while. A dispatch from Springfield to the New York *Sun* said that his doctor had told him that he could not last out the year at the pace he was travelling. Ketchel had been living at the Bartholdi Hotel in New York; the *Morning Telegraph* said that his bill for his last two weeks there had been $593—whirlwind spending at a time when highballs were ten cents apiece. Ketchel was only twenty-four and hoped to get back into fighting trim. By then Mizner's first successful play, "The Deep Purple," had opened in Chicago and he had lost interest in the prizering. According to Bat Masterson, Mizner planned a stage career for Ketchel and was working on a vaudeville monologue for him. Out in Missouri, the middleweight champion behaved like a model boy at first, but there was a woman on the farm. Dispatches bluntly described her as ugly, but she possessed the irresistible magic of propinquity. She was known as Goldie Hurtz, and one morning Mr. Hurtz, a farmhand, shot and killed Ketchel with a .22 rifle. It looked for a time as if Hurtz would be saved by the plea that he only did what any honest farmhand would do under the circumstances. But it turned out that the honest farmhand was really a dishonest barber named Walter Dipley, a city slicker hiding out from the Kansas City police. The unwritten-law defense collapsed when it was found that Mr. and Mrs. Hurtz had never been married. Tried as accomplices in the crime, they were both convicted and sent up for long terms.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(*The foregoing concludes an addition to a series of articles that appeared in this magazine some years ago.*)

•

While preparing Sunday dinner for her family, Mrs. James Hudson of Jordan was severely frightened by what she hoped at first glance was an optical illusion, but what her second glance proved was an all too real water snake slithering from the dining room into the kitchen!

Screams from Mrs. Hudson brought assistance from other members of the family and the uninvited dinner guest was removed and exterminated by John McMullin. The snake measured over two feet in length.

This is the first snake the Hudsons' have experienced in their home in the 34 years they have lived there.—*Elbridge (N.Y.) Courier.*

Just naturally lucky, probably.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise & Times*]

There are two sides to every story, including the story of the Bridgewater school principal over whose dismissal controversy has arisen.

THE RACE TRACK

Gray Runner

THE Albany Handicap, which has been held at Jamaica the last couple of years, was run there again the other afternoon because the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses is having another rent party at the Jamaica track. Usually, the race isn't one you pay much attention to, but the outcome last week was interesting in that it may have cheered up Californians, who have been downcast since their favorite son, Your Host, faded out in the Arlington Classic at Chicago two weeks ago. Patch, the winner of the Albany, was bred in California. He is by Dogpatch, a full brother of the famous Bull Lea, who was the sire of Citation, Armed, and a lot of other runners. Dogpatch, who was owned by Milky Way Farm, was no great shakes as a racer, though. He did win the Shevlin Stakes at Aqueduct in 1942, but, if I remember correctly, after the Milky Way stable was broken up the following year and Dogpatch was shipped to California (where he is at present, on the Suzy-Q Ranch), he didn't do much.

Patch is a horse of another color, if I may say so, and I don't say it merely because he's a gray. In conformation, he reminds you a lot of Cochise—another gray, incidentally—and he can run a bit. To be sure, he carried light weight in the Albany, but he led most of the way, doing the six furlongs in fast time and beating Nullify, Big Stretch, and half a dozen others. He was bred and is owned by the veteran trainer Tommy Taylor, and his next engagement is for the Del Mar Futurity, at Del Mar, California. His share of the Albany purse was $9,025—enough to pay his shipping expenses.

TRAVELLERS returning from Chicago report that the Classic at Arlington Park, which was won by Donald Ross's up-and-coming Greek Song, was probably as exciting as any race for three-year-olds this season. Greek Song galloped along last among the ten starters for nearly half of the mile and a quarter before he settled down to run, and he caught Bed o' Roses only in the last few strides. A good show, but I'm not ready to put him at the top of the three-year-old list; if he wins the Lawrence Realization, perhaps I will. As for Bed o' Roses, Alfred Vanderbilt says that one more morning gallop would have brought the filly to concert pitch. At that, she did all right. And as for William Goetz's Your Host, who was third, I said this spring that he is a miler, and he has done nothing since to make me change my opinion. By the way, a fugitive from Hollywood whispers that L. B. Mayer, Goetz's father-in-law, who bred Your Host, is going back into the horse business next year.

MY vote goes to Monmouth Park for a pleasant race track. The grandstand is commodious, the clubhouse is well arranged, and if you want to watch the horses from the lawn, there are beach umbrellas to sit under. Also, the parterre boxes are unequalled for luxury at any other racecourse this side of Shanghai. The loudspeaker, however, is even more strident than the one at Jamaica. Horseplayers went to Monmouth in droves last Saturday (they call it "Mammoth," probably for the same reason they call Suffolk Downs "Suffix"), and they had fun. The race of the day was the Monmouth Handicap, won by Greek Ship. Shortly after saddling Greek Ship, Elliott Burch, who has been training the Brookmeade Stable while his father, Preston Burch, the regular trainer, is in the hospital, heard that the stable's Sunglow had just won the Saranac Handicap at Jamaica, beating Lights Up. "I hope I can do as well here," he remarked. He did. Greek Ship led all the way, winning by a head from Hypocrite II. Three Rings, whose luck and speed seem to have run out, was third. Try as he would, he couldn't get to the front, and weakened after going a mile. It was the second time Greek Ship, who is a three-year-old, has beaten older horses for the big money; in May, he won the Metropolitan at Belmont. His share of the Monmouth purse was $21,250, and Sunglow earned $10,825 at Jamaica, so it was a profitable afternoon for the Brookmeade Stable. —AUDAX MINOR

•

A 2-year-old laborer was arrested by police early this morning as he was observed following a waitress home from work.—*Seattle Star*.

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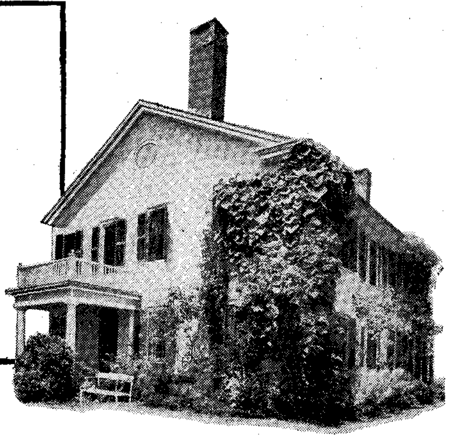

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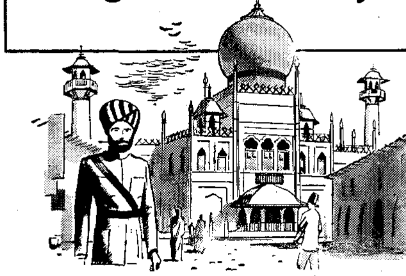

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's program for conducting the war in Korea is getting warm support in Congress. The only objections heard are that he is moving too fast and not fast enough.

•

Mr. Truman is justifiably worried by the rapid rise in commodity prices, and he hopes they will behave themselves from now on. If they don't, he will have to think up something called the O.P.A.

•

The Tydings Committee has declared the McCarthy charges completely unfounded, but some of the Republicans are not satisfied. They want to get a new set of umpires and play the game again.

•

The proposal to reform our system of electing Presidents came to an inglorious end in the House of Representatives. The majority of Democratic and Republican congressmen refused to fall into the trap they had laid for each other.

•

New Yorkers are happy to learn that Croton Lake, which was practically a Dust Bowl not long ago, is now full of water. This was accomplished by the ingenious device of simply leaving it out in the rain.

•

Henry Wallace has decided to support the United States in the Korean war, so the Progressive Party will have to try to carry on without him. After all, it has nothing to lose but its voters.

•

The Atomic Energy Commission has revealed that it is looking for a place to test the hydrogen bomb. Thus far, there has been no unseemly scramble among our communities to land this big federal project.

•

Another time-honored right of American citizens has been taken away. Our ruthless police state no longer permits people to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

•

The Constitutional amendment prohibiting third terms for Presidents has been ratified by twenty-four states, but it seems to be stuck now. Apparently the people have become more interested in one or two other subjects.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM LAKE SUCCESS

JULY 19

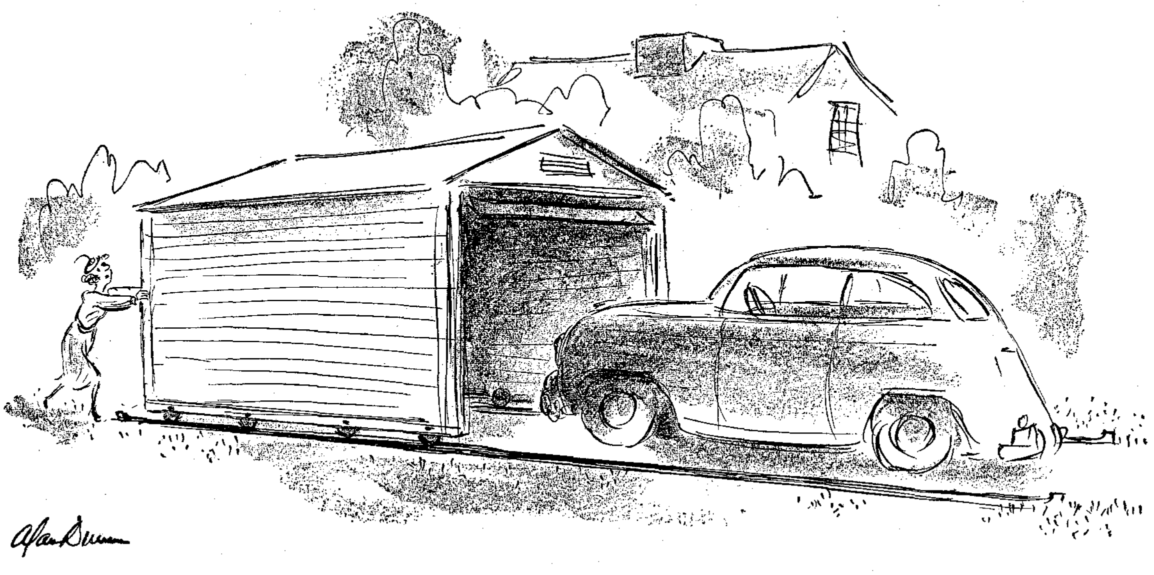
WHAT is referred to here officially as the Complaint of Aggression Upon the Republic of Korea is, understandably, the major topic of conversation in the low-ceilinged corridors and windowless lounges of the temporary headquarters of the United Nations. A good many old hands in the U.N. headquarters are still astonished at the speed and decisiveness with which the organization acted in the Korean crisis. Large numbers of them, when they closed their desks on Saturday, June 24th, and headed off for a weekend that promised to be neither more nor less peaceful than any other weekend since the end of the last war, privately felt that the organization was, if not actually moribund, at least in an oxygen tent. They now point out, with a certain ruefulness, that it took a shooting war some seven thousand miles to the west to bring the patient hopping out of bed, within twenty-four hours, almost as good as new. There is, of course, merely a superficial irony in this situation, since the whole idea of the United Nations is the guarantee that it will stop aggression, and, in the eyes of most people here, had it failed to act it would have had small justification for further existence.

The chronology of the organization's actions in dealing with the Korean outbreak refutes the notion, expressed these days in some dissident quarters of Lake Success itself, that the United Nations moved too hastily, that it acted without information of its own, and that it permitted itself to become a tool of the United States State Department. This is not an unfamiliar line, and its source would not be difficult to trace, but it is a considerably annoying one to the many high officials here who are aware that often in matters of this sort myth rapidly overtakes reality. Their zeal in getting the record straight is entirely comprehensible, since the record reveals that, once informed of the Korean aggression, United Nations officials acted with a keen consciousness of the organization's obligations to its peaceful member nations.

THE first official word of trouble in Korea to reach anyone directly connected with the United Nations came from John Hickerson, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of United Nations Affairs, in Washington, who telephoned Ambassador Ernest Gross, the Deputy Representative of the United States on the Security Council, shortly after 11:30 P.M. that Saturday. Gross lives in Manhasset but was spending the evening in Great Neck with friends, and the call was put through to him there. Hickerson had little precise information—he simply knew that North Korean forces had moved across the Thirty-eighth Parallel—but he told Gross that he would call him at his house later, and Gross immediately went home. Gross's daughter was that night holding what is known in teen-age circles as a "sleeping party," attended by some twenty girls. When Gross arrived, he found them scattered about the living room—on the floor, in chairs, or on sofas—torn between sleep, giggling, and gossip, and it required a good deal of dexterity on his part to clear a path through them, down which he could sprint to the telephone if it should ring.

Hickerson's second call was made to Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General of the United Nations. Lie was the first man outside the United States government to be informed of the aggression. He received the call in the small, cozy ground-floor study of his house in Forest Hills, where he had been talking with Mrs. Lie and waiting to listen to the midnight news. Lie is an inveterate listener to radio news, and although he expected to hear nothing of importance and, moreover, was feeling low because of an abscessed tooth, he had decided to stay up a few more minutes for the broadcast. Hickerson was brief. He could tell Lie only what he had told Gross. Something nasty was taking place in Korea, all right, but the scope and extent of the nastiness was anybody's guess. Lie's first words to Hickerson were "What are you going to do?" (An apocryphal story is making the rounds here these days that Lie was not informed of the aggression until 3 A.M., in a phone call from Gross, and that he replied, with classic understatement, "Why, this is a violation of the United Nations Charter!") Hickerson said that he thought the United States would probably ask for an emergency meeting of the Security Council early the next day, Sunday, but he made no formal request for a meeting; he merely alerted Lie to the possibility. (Any member of the Security Council can ask for a meeting at any time.) Lie replied that the incumbent president of the Council, Sir Benegal Rau, of India, had recently been released from the Mayo Clinic following treatment for a stomach ailment, and that there might be some difficulty in arranging a *very* early meeting. The moment Hickerson had hung up, Lie, feeling that he had been given enough news to hold any man at midnight, put in a call to his executive assistant, Andrew Cordier, in Great Neck. He instructed Cordier to send an immediate cable to the seven-man United Nations Commission in Seoul, asking for as exact information as possible about the invasion. He also instructed him to telephone Dragoslav Protitch, a sort of general manager in the Department of Security Council Affairs, and warn him that a Council meeting would probably be called on Sunday. Within a half hour, Cordier called Lie back. The cable had been dispatched to Korea and Protitch had been informed. Lie promptly went to bed and almost as promptly went to sleep. "I need my eight hours," he later told a friend, "and I think while I sleep."

At 3 A.M., Gross interrupted the sleep



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of the Secretary-General by telephoning him to say that the invasion appeared to be a full-scale one and that he had received instructions from Washington to request that a meeting of the Security Council be called for Sunday afternoon. Lie said fine, he would see that the arrangements were made; he reminded Gross to file a formal request in writing the next morning, in conformity with United Nations procedure. Lie called Cordier again, and asked him to issue a call for a meeting of the Council at two-thirty, and to get off another cable to the Commission in Korea, urging it to send him news as swiftly as possible. Lie felt that, as Secretary-General, he should be in possession of independent information by the time the Security Council convened. He had already decided that, regardless of the proposals put before the Council by the United States, he would speak up first, in exercise of the unique power granted him under the Charter to bring to the attention of the Security Council any threat to international peace. About half past three, Lie went back to sleep. At eight, he was aroused once more—this time by Cordier, who told him that key men in the delegations had been alerted and that a general call was about to be sent out to all employees who would be needed for the meeting. Lie rapidly calculated that on account of interruptions he had not yet got his eight hours of sleep, and he went back to bed. Much to his surprise, he slept until eleven.

At his home in Manhasset, Gross was on the telephone, talking to the State Department, most of the night; he managed to catch a nap between four-thirty and six. At eight, he called one of his press attachés, John MacVane, and asked him to come right over from Port Washington, where he lives. MacVane did so and, after making his way gingerly past the now soundly sleeping forms in the Gross living room, met the Ambassador in the kitchen, where they had a cup of coffee and drew up the formal request for the Security Council meeting. At nine, Gross and MacVane drove to the Manhattan headquarters of the United States Mission, at 2 Park Avenue, where Gross talked over with members of the staff the proposals the United States would make to the Council. Two legal experts from the State Department had flown up from Washington with an outline of the speech Gross was to deliver. It was realized that although the Russians had not appeared at any Security Council meeting since the middle of January, they might turn up at the Security Council that afternoon with a veto. It was informally decided that in such an eventuality the best course for the United States would be to urge an immediate session of the full membership of the General Assembly.

AT Lake Success that Sunday morning, the focal point of activity was the guardroom in the basement of the headquarters building, where Acting Sergeant John Draskin, of the United Nations Field Service, had come on duty at eight o'clock. His trick was to run until four that afternoon. Draskin shared the guardroom with Acting Corporal Frank Bennek, who was manning a switchboard used at the U.N. for night and Sunday calls. On weekdays, the U.N. has some sixty-five guards on duty; at night and on Sundays, ten men make regular tours of the premises, keeping an eye out for security and for fire hazards. Sergeant Draskin was at his desk, reading the roster of his men and checking on lost and found articles on his police blotter, when, at about a quarter to nine, Corporal Bennek put through a call to him from Protitch. Protitch told Draskin to arouse as many people in the Secretariat as he could, because he wanted the air-conditioning turned on in the building, the translators and the documents people brought in, the flags hoisted, and the cafeteria and bar opened. In short, he wanted the place put in readiness for a meeting. During the next two hours, Draskin and Bennek placed calls to more than a hundred and fifty persons on a master list that Draskin keeps in his desk. By this time, almost as many calls were coming in to the small night-and-Sunday switchboard as were going out, and operators in Floral Park and Jamaica held many of them for as long as fifteen minutes, in order not to swamp Bennek. When the regular U.N. operators, drafted for the emergency, came on duty at ten-forty-five Sunday and opened the large daytime switchboard, both Bennek and Draskin were exhausted. Draskin has since said that his hands were shaking with excitement. Bennek had kept an earphone on his head steadily for two hours, and when he removed it, his ear was stuck to the side of his head. Draskin, a tall, black-haired former paratrooper who was captured by the Germans sev-

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enteen hours after the Normandy landings, feels that the morning of the twenty-fifth of June was perhaps the most important one in his life. "For a few moments in history," he told a friend later, "a fellow like me—an acting sergeant in the guardroom—was holding the fate of the United Nations in his palm."

At noon, Lie started for his office, and at the same time Ambassador Gross and his associates left Manhattan by car for Lake Success. When Lie got to his office, Cordier was already there, conferring with A. H. Feller, the U.N.'s general counsel. A cable had arrived from the Commission in Korea, reading, in part, "ATTACKS WERE LAUNCHED IN STRENGTH BY NORTH KOREAN FORCES ALL ALONG THE THIRTY-EIGHTH PARALLEL.... COMMISSION WISHES TO DRAW ATTENTION OF SECRETARY-GENERAL TO SERIOUS SITUATION DEVELOPING, WHICH IS ASSUMING CHARACTER OF FULL-SCALE WAR AND MAY ENDANGER THE MAINTENANCE OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND SECURITY. IT SUGGESTS THAT HE CONSIDER POSSIBILITY OF BRINGING MATTER TO NOTICE OF SECURITY COUNCIL." Lie, Cordier, and Feller sat down and drafted what Lie wished to say to the Security Council. Shortly before the meeting was to begin, Lie started on a ham sandwich in his office, but he didn't have the appetite to finish it. Leaving half of it on his desk, he headed toward the Security Council chamber. In the corridor outside the meeting room, he encountered Gross, and they ducked into a small room used for broadcasting purposes to compare notes on what each of them intended to say to the Council. To the satisfaction of both, their drafts were identical in spirit, if not in detail. The meeting was called to order at two-thirty-three. Lie remarked, in part, "The report received by me from the Commission, as well as reports from other sources in Korea, make it plain that military actions have been undertaken by North Korean forces.... I consider it the clear duty of the Security Council to take steps necessary to reëstablish peace;" the United States representative asked for a cease-fire and a return of the North Korean forces to the Thirty-eighth Parallel, and called upon "all Members to render every assistance to the United Nations in the execution of this resolution." The Security Council supported the United States resolution by nine votes to none, with Yugoslavia abstaining. The rest, as they say everywhere but in Russia, is history.

FOR the next several days, the telephone played an impressively ineffective role in international affairs. On Monday, June 26th, Cordier received a call from the Foreign Minister of the Republic of Korea, in Seoul, who reported a rapidly worsening military situation and thanked the United Nations for its swift action. Cordier asked the Foreign Minister to locate the Secretary of the United Nations Commission, a Mr. Bertil Renborg, and put him on the phone. Cordier and Renborg talked for some time; the connection was a clear one. Cordier instructed Renborg to stick with the Korean government, wherever it moved. The moment he had hung up, Lie came into his office and said that he wanted to talk to Renborg. Cordier put in a call to Seoul, and about an hour and a half later he heard an operator in Tokyo say to the U.N. operator, "I've got Seoul on the line, but they all seem to be out there. We've tried all the government offices and Mr. Renborg's hotel. Maybe we ought to find out who's in charge in Korea." Cordier figured that he had better hold on to his franchise and asked the operator to find the commander of the North Korean forces and bring him to the phone. He has since said that if the commander *had* come to the phone, he would have read him the Sunday resolution of the Security Council. Nobody came to the phone—the city of Seoul had, in fact, been abandoned a few minutes after Mr. Renborg had hung up.

On Tuesday, June 27th, at another Security Council meeting, the United States, noting that Sunday's resolution had been ignored by the North Koreans, put forward a second resolution, recommending that the United Nations furnish such military assistance to the Republic of Korea as might be necessary to repel the armed attack. Neither the Indian nor the Egyptian delegate felt that he could make a decision on such a matter without instructions from his government. The United States was anxious to have both Indian and Egyptian support, and Gross urged Sir Benegal Rau and Mahmoud Bey Fawzi, the Egyptian delegate, to make every effort to get New Delhi and Cairo on the wire. The meeting was recessed at five-twelve in the afternoon to permit the two delegates to make their calls. Again the telephone was no help. Both Fawzi Bey and Sir Benegal went to Lie's suite of offices on the second floor of the Administration Building. Sir Benegal took a seat by a phone in a conference room adjoining Lie's private office, Fawzi Bey used a telephone in Lie's outer office. For the next four hours, they tried to get through. Gross, Lie, and Cordier hovered about, but they could contribute nothing except moral support. The Indian delegate could hear Indian operators being roused all along the circuit (it was the middle of the night in India), and, at times, several of them chattering to one another. "We're waking up all India," he heard one operator say. "Everybody's in bed, but we're getting them up." A moment later, he heard the U.N. operator say, "We've got Poona! We've got Poona! On to New Delhi!" Another voice cut in to say, "You're in New Delhi. We are awakening the Prime Minister!" Sir Benegal next heard a voice that sounded faintly like that of Pandit Nehru—a sleepy Pandit Nehru—but he had no sooner said "Hello" than a screeching whistle interrupted his call. Sir Benegal hung up, fortified himself with a cup of consommé and some scrambled eggs, and a few minutes later tried again. In the interim, most of the Indian operators had apparently gone back to sleep, and once again it was necessary to rouse them from Poona to New Delhi. Nehru again came to the phone, or at least Sir Benegal thought it was Nehru, but again the whistling noise made conversation impossible. Sir Benegal abandoned his effort. In the outer office, Fawzi Bey was in trouble, too. Because of some mechanical difficulty at that time, Cairo could be reached only through Athens, and there was a telephone strike in Athens. Somebody answered the phone there, though, and, perhaps feeling that the call was sufficiently important to justify a bit of strikebreaking, put it through to Cairo. The Cairo operator announced that the Foreign Minister of Egypt was in Alexandria. "Get me Alexandria, then," said the U.N. operator. "Better to hang up and try Alexandria direct," said the Egyptian operator. "You'll get it faster from New York than from Cairo." It was time for the Security Council to reconvene, so Fawzi Bey gave up.

I HAD a brief talk with Trygve Lie last week in his large, cheery corner office overlooking the broad lawn on which the fifty-nine flags of the United Nations fly from fifty-nine flagstaffs. I found him in shirtsleeves and blue suspenders, seated at a big desk and riffling through a batch of newspaper clippings. He asked me to sit down, and sighed. "I am used to being called names by Moscow," he said, "but I can't understand why they call me a stooge of Wall Street. I don't think I've been down there twice in my life. I don't run around with those fellows. And what's an abettor? They call me an 'abettor of American aggression.' This word 'abettor'—I'm not familiar with it. Does it have something to do with horse races?" I asked him about the Korean attack, and his face flushed. All at once he seemed quite angry. "I'm an old hand at 'provoked aggressions,' or what are now called 'provoked aggressions,'" he said. "It's an old story. In modern times, the aggressor is always 'provoked.' It happened in my country, Norway. The Germans said the same thing in 1940; they said they came into my country to rescue us from the British and the French." Lie rose and stood behind his desk. "There must be respect for human rights somewhere, and for the Charter of the United Nations. I am the head of an organization containing all sorts of people, with all sorts of political systems. But there must be respect for human rights—one cannot permit the will of the minority to prevail. Believe me, this invasion was well planned—tanks, sea landings, coördinated command. It was not an overnight thing. And what is on their mind? Korea today, perhaps Indo-China tomorrow—who knows? Tragically, they can afford to wait and the rest of the world cannot." Lie sat down again, and he looked quite old for a man in his middle fifties, but there was a curious buoyancy about him. "Don't think for a minute that I have given up my idea of peace in the world. That is my ideal and my dream, and it will come true. But now our job is to carry out the functions of the Charter while there is still time. I miss Norway," he said suddenly. "My daughters are there. I miss them, and I wanted to go home to see them." The Secretary-General went with me to the door, stopping for a moment by a bookcase on top of which stood a small United Nations flag and a turquoise statuette. "Some Dutch children made this flag for me," he said, "and sent it to me in the name of peace. And this," he went on, picking up the statuette, "this was brought to me from China by a colleague." He smiled at me sadly. "It is said to be the Goddess of Mercy."

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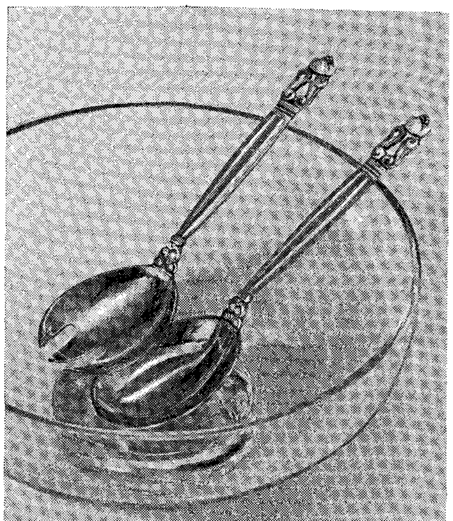

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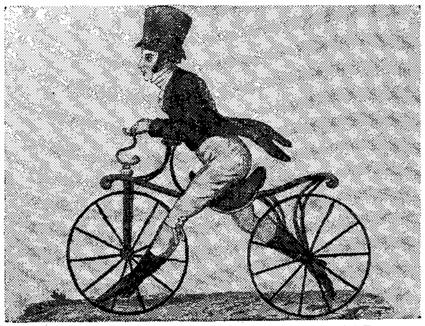

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LIKE a good many people, I suppose, I've often thought of writing letters to newspapers and gone no further than phrasing them in my mind. But a few weeks ago I actually wrote one and sent it off. It got into print, too, in its entirety and in, as I had urged, a position as prominent as the report it corrected had occupied. I ought to feel easy in my mind again now, at least about any misunderstanding of my political position, but I can't say I do. I keep having that dream.

The newspaper, one of the several published in the Northern Westchester-Ridgefield, Connecticut, area to which my wife and I moved last autumn, had reported on a meeting of a group interested in books at which I had spoken briefly, substituting for a man whose whole family came down with something at just the right moment. I had said that people in this country don't read enough books. I was quoted as having said that and as having said also that the United States "ranks sixth" (the report didn't say in what), and that those present at the meeting would be surprised if they knew what educational facilities are offered in the Soviet Union. That last, of course, was what floored me.

I had not mentioned Russia, nor had anyone else at the meeting. Any mention of Russia would have been wildly irrelevant to what we were talking about. Nor had I suggested that the United States ranks sixth in anything. I had merely said that Americans ought to read more books. The source of the newspaper's error remains obscure; the error itself, even after it had been corrected, did something to my subconscious. Pegler used to stalk this area and is reported still to keep an eye on it, looking for subversives. It is where my wife and I want to live the rest of our lives. We're Democrats, and that gives one a guilty feeling in our community, and rather a lonely one. I suppose all these things combined to create the dream. I had it first about a week after my letter had been printed and when I thought I had dismissed the whole matter from my mind.

IN the dream, I am on trial somewhere—before a Congressional committee, I guess, since I don't have an attorney and can only answer questions, not ask them. And the prosecutor says, after I have denied membership in or sympathy with the Communist Party, or any group stigmatized as subversive, "Now . . ." On that one word he uses the anticipatory tone of a lawyer who is about to demolish a defendant.

"Now," he says, "is it or is it not true that you once addressed a meeting on Randalls Island celebrating the prowess of the Russian Army?"

"Yes," I say in the dream. "Yes. But—"

"Weren't thousands in the audience Communist sympathizers?"

"Undoubtedly. But—"

"Didn't they applaud you?"

"A little. But—"

"That's all," the prosecutor says, and I'm thrown out of the State Department. In the dream, I'm *in* the State Department. It's a wild dream.

Then I wake up, and I'm back at Randalls Island on that incredibly hot Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1943. Or was it 1944? I'm in summer whites again and they're plastered to me again, and the three or four Russian admirals again are sitting in the sun, in winter blues and medals, obviously preparing to burst. And an audience of some fifteen thousand people is booing me. That last is what I keep trying to tell the prosecutor in the dream—some of them are hissing. It is that I want my neighbors to know. I don't care what Pegler says. They hissed me, or some of them did. I saluted the audience and turned around, and the broiling Russian admirals glared at me.

But I can't deny I was there. I can't even forget I was there, although often I wish I could. I was there under orders, because the Commandant of the Third Naval District had too much sense to be there himself but reluctantly admitted that the local Navy had to be represented.

THE job went down to me, which was about as far as it could reasonably go, because my chief duty then was to write speeches for the numerous admirals prevalent around New York. Indeed, when my immediate boss, a commander, summoned me to his office over the intercom—which always squawked horribly before it spoke—I assumed it was another speech-writing job.

He told me that our admiral was expected to make a speech at this enormous rally, which had something to do with the Russian Army, and I said, "O.K. How long does he want it?"

"Not very long," my boss said. "It's next Sunday afternoon, by the way. And . . ." He stopped and looked at me thoughtfully, then he said quickly, "I told him you'd make it. Now, look, I'm sorry, Dick. You know how he expects a guy to come up with something."

"Make it?" I said. "Listen— You mean *make* it?"

"Now, Dick," he said. "You've made speeches before."

I had talked to women's clubs, mostly about the theatre. I tried to point out the difference.

"Comes to the same thing," he said. "Anyhow, I told him I'd assign you. You'd better go topside and talk to him about it."

I just looked at him. We'd been friends for years, or I had thought so. Then I said, "Very well, Commander," as unpleasantly as I could, and went "topside," to the fifteenth floor of 90 Church.

When the admiral's aide saw me coming into the office, he laughed gaily and told me to go right on in.

The admiral wasn't laughing. I stood at the 90 Church version of attention and he looked at me, sighed slightly, and said, "Sit down, Lockridge. You know what I want?"

I said, "Yes, sir." Then I did what amounted almost to arguing. I asked him whether he was sure a lieutenant would be enough.

"Plenty," he said with the air of an admiral who would have sent an ensign if one had been handy.

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Write something out and let me see it," he said. "Not too long. Get in something about the Japs. Something good and strong."

"Yes, sir," I said. "About the Japs?"

"Why don't they fight 'em?" the admiral said. "Make it strong."

I started to say "But—" and didn't. It's not a word often used by lieutenants to admirals. Admirals know best; for all I knew, indeed, that was official policy. (I didn't find out until years later that it wasn't, although a large part of the Navy felt it ought to be.) I said "Yes, sir," and went off to write a short speech telling the Soviet Union, through some thousands of its sympathizers who were to assemble in the Randalls Island Stadium the next Sunday afternoon, to get busy and declare war on Japan. I wrote it to run about five minutes and, as sugar coating, mentioned Stalingrad

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with admiration. (It was all right to mention Stalingrad with admiration in those distant days. The best people were doing it.)

I took the speech to the admiral, and he read it and said it was too long. He also wanted to know what all this was about Stalingrad.

"Sir," I said, "this is a tribute to the Russian Army. We've got to say *something*."

"Lieutenant—" he began, and then paused, so I didn't really interrupt him. I never did really interrupt an admiral.

"You see, Admiral," I said, "the Department undoubtedly would prefer that you said something—"

"All right," he said. "All *right*. This thing's too long, though."

I rewrote it, and then I rewrote it again. By that time, it was down to two minutes, spoken slowly. A minute and a half was still about why didn't they fight the Japs. I was allowed to mention Stalingrad and to suggest that Hitler was learning what Napoleon had learned. I was also told that I was to wear the dress aiguillette, to show that I really represented the admiral. The aide showed me how to put it on, meanwhile chortling about the fine Sunday he was going to spend at his place in the New Jersey hills, away from the heat. It was hot then, in midweek, but nothing to what it was that Sunday.

MY wife agreed to go with me, and she helped me get the aiguillette on my shoulder. The Navy's dress aiguillette is something that baffles description and is apt to give anyone who wears it curvature of the spine. It is a tremendous tangle—particularly as I wore it—of gold, and hard to live up to. For a desk lieutenant, even if he is going off to advise an allied government, it is a thing of monumental embarrassment. It gives an idea of how hot it was that afternoon to report that, even in my trappings, I put down the top of our convertible to drive to the stadium.

We disrupted traffic somewhat on the way, because people kept looking around to see where the rest of the parade was and pulling over to the side to watch for it. One car that didn't was an Army sedan, which overtook us a mile or so from the stadium and went sailing on. It wore the single star of a brigadier on a tail plate.

"Look," my wife said. "You don't suppose he's—"

"Sure," I said. "That's Navy."

It was, too. Before unification—not now, of course—the Navy always figured a lieutenant was enough, vis-à-vis the Army. Lieutenant versus brigadier general would have seemed entirely proper to my admiral. I'm sure things are different now.

My wife and I joined the general, and some of the other speakers, in a place under the stand where we had been promised "cooling refreshment." It turned out to be soda pop and root beer. Nothing as strong as Coca-Cola. The general proved to be a very nice guy, about my age, who had been wise enough to let his wife stay home, out of the heat. He and my wife and I sipped warm pop and waited. After a time, we were herded up onto the platform. There were thousands of people in the stadium, staring at us. When I came on with my braid, a few of them whistled, although there were important people there—Mayor LaGuardia, for one. There were some cheers for the Russian admirals, who were put in the middle of the platform, where the sun was hottest. Later, some of us were moved into partial shade, but the Russians were left to cook. That my admiral should have seen.

Then people started making speeches, and some of the speeches, I guess, were all right. Ten or fifteen people spoke, using up the air time; then there was marching, and the massing of flags, and music, and then a lot of the spectators went away, leaving only fifteen thousand or so. Then, finally, the brigadier was introduced and spoke briefly and well, saying all the things that were appropriate to the occasion, if possibly not to what he thought himself. And then I was introduced.

By some unhappy coincidence, the master of ceremonies was familiar with some things I had written before I began to write speeches for admirals, and either had liked them or thought I would like him to have liked them. At any rate, after noting briefly that I was representing the Commandant of the Third Naval District, he went on for several flattering moments in another vein. As a matter of fact, he went on for several minutes—five, maybe ten—while I stood near him, trying to look military, leaning slightly to the left because of the weight of the aiguillette, with my whites plastered to me. Then he waved me forward, and the audience settled down to hear some good Navy praise of the glorious Red Army. And I read my two minutes. I read too fast at first, failing to allow for the delayed response in a big stadium with a public-address system, so I talked through the only applause I got, which came a moment after I started and was occasioned by the references to Stalingrad and the Hitler-Napoleon comparison I had managed to get in.

Then I got to the bit about the Japs, reading what the admiral had insisted on—that our forces were fighting all over the world and that we certainly hoped the Russians would see the point of fighting all over the world, too, not just in Russia. It was quiet enough in the stadium when I got to that part. It also got, suddenly, a good deal cooler. And then, I'm sure as the more hopeful of the audience thought I was about to get back to the glorious Red Army, I ran out of what the admiral wanted said. So I said "Thank you," and saluted, and about half of the fifteen thousand said "Boo! Boo!" Only a few hissed, really.

The general had turned smartly when he finished and saluted first the American and then the Russian flag. I had meant to do that, too, but I didn't. I felt that, under the circumstances, the gesture would perhaps not be appreciated. Also, I didn't want to turn my back on the audience that long. I just walked away quickly and sat down.

My wife patted my arm. "Anyway," she said, "you made them hear you."

I figured I had, too.

There was another hour or so of praise for the Red Army, and then we were let go. My wife and I went rapidly, pausing only to say goodbye to our friend the general, who tactfully said nothing about my remarks. We drove back downtown, still looking like a parade to a good many children, who stood along the sidewalk and yelled at us, and to a bar we knew. We parked. My wife helped me get untangled from the aiguillette, and I locked it in the glove compartment. Then we went in and I got mildly drunk.

That's all there was to it, Prosecutor. Not a thing more, Pegler. I associated, yes. But they didn't like me. May I, now, be let off the dream?

—Richard Lockridge

•

GARDEN EPITAPH

Here lies, beneath those waist-high weeds,
The outcome of my spring-sown seeds;
And, buried after one brief spasm,
Lies also my enthusiasm.

—Ray Romine

•

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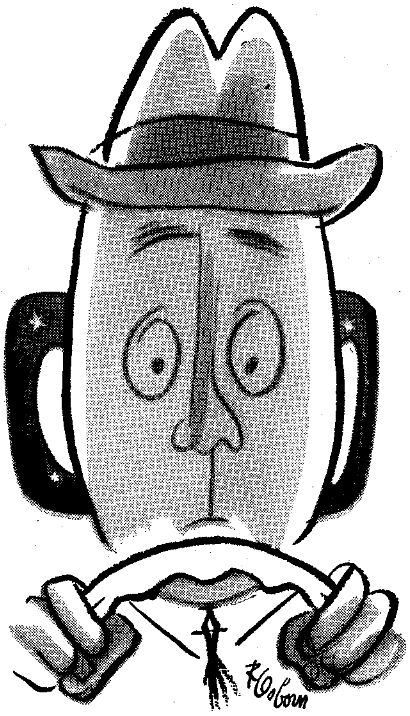

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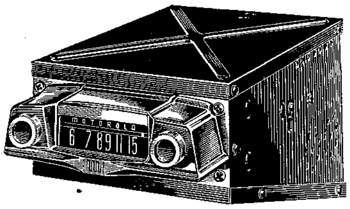

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 19

FROM France's vast fund of experience with wars—Western and Eastern, won and lost—the French people, out of friendliness toward us and worry over the grim Korean events, have been pouring advice into the ears of Americans here, and into their own newspapers. Paris gentlemen whom one hardly knows talk to one like Dutch uncles and military experts combined. Paris newspapers that have loyally supported their government's and their Army's unsuccessful policies in the Communist Ho Chi Minh-Chief of State Bao Dai war in Indo-China—now in its fourth year, and thus serviceable to them as a presumed prototype for our Korean war—have been particularly explicit in telling us what our errors are. And, indeed, errors are what they should be expert on. Paris café strategists have begun explaining what is really going on at the Korean front. Last week's most bruited corner-*bistro* rumor was that the American Army, as a brilliant ruse, would let itself be pushed from Korea, so that Japanese soldiers could take its place, in what would then become a kind of proxy war between mere natives, with Uncle Sam and Stalin white-man spectators. This gathered such momentum that the Japanese Premier, Shigeru Yoshida, was forced to declare that his country can go to no war right now, since it is still occupied as a result of the last one.

In an editorial entitled "Sodome et Gomorrhe," *Le Monde*, which always regards the United States as insensate, like Lot's wife in her last phase, pointed out "Europe's increasing fear on seeing the result of American intervention in Korea." "Anguished Europe," it went on, "asks itself if it must again undergo the infernal cycle of invasion-occupation-landing-liberation, worsened by the presence of the Russians, who would be far more terrible than the Germans were. Furthermore, Europe is alarmed at the revelation of American military weakness. Europe placed all her security on American arms, neglecting," *Le Monde* admitted angrily, "to build up her own, only to perceive that there is no American Army and that it takes only a few North Koreans to put in check the nation that Europe thought the most powerful on earth." *Le Monde* added, perhaps for our comfort, that the grave lesson of Korea would doubtless bring about repercussions in Washington similar to those that followed Pearl Harbor.

The Academician François Mauriac, in an editorial in *Figaro*, took the most transcendental tone toward Americans: "Should I say all that I think? The American people must revise their whole concept of life if they mean to save human liberty. A people cannot be at the same time the most happy and the most powerful in the world. Between the power of the nation and the happiness of individuals, Russia, for her part, has made her choice." Americans, "on whom weighs the heaviest responsibility that any people has ever assumed," are, Mauriac said, learning the harsh lesson that any great policy, and especially one of such grandeur as saving the world, demands arms behind it. He took issue with Admiral Nimitz's statement that the early, rapid victories go to an aggressor and the final, slow victories to a democracy, and contended that "on the contrary, Soviet Russia shows no haste. She advances a pawn on the chessboard after taking her time, which can be weeks, months, or years, and then watches the reactions of her adversary, which are doubtless those she expected. A man of medium intelligence," he added helpfully, "can obtain an idea of her possible moves by looking at a map of the world."

The Communist press has, naturally, continued to print its special, consecrated type of news and propaganda. The pro-Moscow morning daily *Libération* featured a photograph of a North Korean civilian smiling cynically at an American tract he was holding. The tract was supposed to bear Truman's photograph (but it might have been Vishinsky's, for all one could tell from *La Libération's* reproduction) and it had purportedly been dropped as "Wall Street propaganda" by an American bomber between raids. The paper's most vociferous outcry has been against what it calls the Committee for Extermination. This is the International Committee for the Study of European Questions (specifically, the question of whether an accord with Russia is possible, to end the cold war and the armaments race), a digest of whose reports

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has startled Parisians of all political colors. As has just been explained to the French people—two of whose representatives on the Committee are the politician Paul Reynaud and the poet Paul Claudel—the reports were coldly logical considerations of the Pasteur doctrine of preventive war. The increasingly great devastation made possible by science, Pasteur said, led him to believe optimistically that war could kill war. A Committee report released July 10th expressed the conviction that the United States would be justified in employing the atomic bomb in Korea, "to avoid a long, painful, costly war," and suggested that four or five thousand Atlantic Pact bombers destroy Moscow, Leningrad, Odessa, and the Magnitogorsk mines if Russia should make a direct attack. Immediately, the Communist literary weekly magazine *Les Lettres Françaises* ran a letter to Claudel demanding, in the name of Racine and Rimbaud, that he speak up at once against such mass destruction, reminding him that Lord Vansittart, among others, had already resigned from the Committee in protest, and, in conclusion, directing him to sign the Stockholm Peace Appeal. "Your refusal," it added in warning, "would cast a horrible darkness over French literature and leave your most beautiful words in ruins."

For centuries, the French have been experts on the subject of prestige. They consider that if America is pushed out of Korea—and French military men say that they believe this can be avoided only by a *contre-offensive de grand style*, for which we lack the necessary men and material—the lowering of our standing in the Orient will change the pressure-politics map of Europe so drastically that no one can precisely envision what that change would be. As prestige experts, the French are more alarmed at what is happening to us in Korea than they are at what has happened to them in Indo-China.

THE Musée Grévin is supposed to move its visitors, especially with its waxwork tableaux of crime, but never to move itself from its dirty old quarters on the Rue Montmartre. A section of the Grévin has now become ambulant. It is installed on a barge anchored in the Seine, by the Pont de l'Alma—a craft decked in red, to look like an antique galley, with a wondrous winged hippogriff on its prow. During August, the management has announced, the barge "will carry dreams [no wax criminals have been permitted aboard] the length of France's rivers and canals, and even beyond." As a matter of fact,

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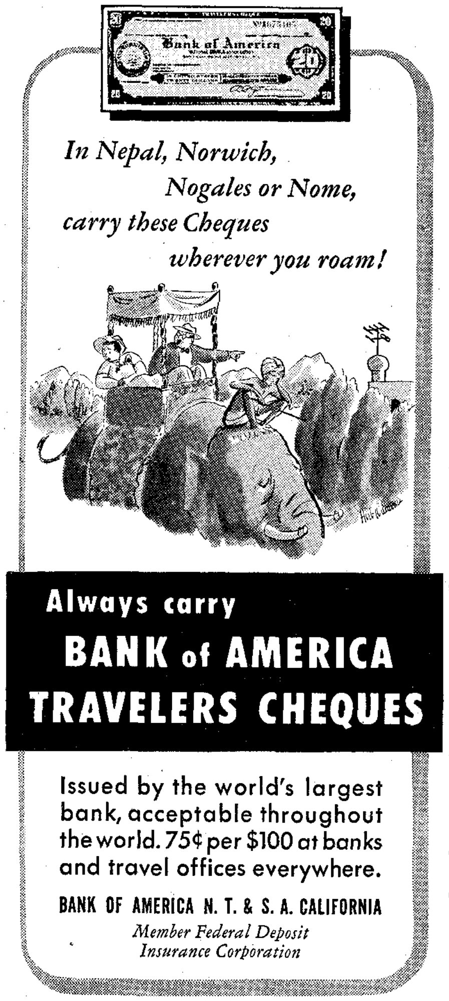

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THE PLAZA
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the Grévin's floating annex will travel to Lille, like any touring troupe, and to Belgian and German water towns, and return home by way of Lyon. The barge's assemblage of waxen notabilities includes the French Arctic explorer Paul-Emile Victor at lunch, surrounded by Eskimos; the lovely lady matador Conchita Cintrón, praying before she goes into the ring to kill a bull; a pygmy king *en famille;* and, to provide a Hollywood touch, Tarzan fighting a crocodile in full view of a television set. (Television is still a novelty in France; few French families have sets, and those who have can see nothing more, as a rule, than a couple of newsreels and movie dramas a day.) Another American tableau consists of excellent likenesses of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland seated in a Pullman car and looking out the window into a Wild West animated by dancing Indians. There really is something dreamlike in the thought of these silent, carefully costumed wax passengers taking this delightful fluvial holiday voyage, staring sightlessly at the green riverbanks of three lands.

In former years of peace, art lovers flocked to Matisse exhibitions to see what the Master had done that was new. This year, it is his old art, some of it dating from 1896, and much of in sculpture, that distinguishes the Maison de la Pensée Française's showing of a hundred and thirteen of his works. He does offer some 1950 novelties, but they are gigantic colored-paper montages, which would appeal more to children than to aesthetes. On display are some of his charcoal drawings of odalisques, dated between 1921 and 1946, and several dozen paintings that show various stages of his development. They start with Impressionism, go through Pointillism, Cézanneism, and Cubism, and become pure Fauve as the artist, like a wild creature indeed, pounces upon the perfection of his bright-colored style. But it is the bronze sculptures, mostly small, of the heads of children or of the bodies of reclining women, that are the most affecting items. They have an exquisite grace and the immortality of great figurines, such as can be lost over a period of time, dug up from the earth, and immediately recognized as art.

The theatres suddenly closed with a bang. There is little left but ballet, which is showing every night at the Opéra, where no more opera will be presented till the autumn. Among current movies, there is a delicious new Mme. Colette film called "Minne, l'Ingénue Libertine." This was adapted from one of Colette's first novels, written after her Claudine series, and has the same theme of an immature, pleasure-hunting, sensual young woman not yet settled in love. Her amorous quest in 1900 trappings has been amazingly transferred from Colette's provocative prose to glowing photography, and has made the most intelligent and also the most daring French movie of the year. It was directed admirably by Jacqueline Audry, who is a new director, and stars Danièle Delorme. Mlle. Delorme has what the French call *le regard de Vénus*, which means that her eyes are not quite alike, and she is perfect in this sensuous film. There is really no sense in telling you all this, because the censors will never let the picture pass into America. What you will get instead is the French movie of Yvonne Printemps as the famous songstress Hortense Schneider, singing Offenbach beautifully with Pierre Fresnay, who acts the cocky little composer. It is called "La Valse de Paris" and is innocuous.

Were your correspondent not congenitally averse to so-called little theatres and their usually amateur players, your correspondent would long ago have gone to see and to praise the American Club Théâtre de Paris, popularly known merely as A.C.T. A.C.T. is an American English-language troupe in Paris, is composed of professional actors, and has already done a lot both for the American theatre and for American tourists in France. It operated at the Théâtre de l'Humour, where it gave four shows during the recent season, ending with an absolutely first-rate, touching, and talented production of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." It was a pleasure to see it. A.C.T. was founded and directed by two Americans—Anne Gerlette and George Voskevec—to whom your correspondent now hands this belated bouquet.

Looking back over the season, one realizes that there was only one art show by a real amateur that remains in the memory. This was a first exhibition of drawings, at the Quatre-Chemins-Editart Gallery, by Mrs. Genia Androusow Green, a Russian who used to be a style expert here for *Harper's Bazaar* and has suddenly become an artist in London. She draws in ink with a Spencerian pen, and her shading consists of an endlessly painstaking series of lines that, instead of being crosshatched, as is customary, take the form of curlicues and give an unexpected round depth to her work. Her drawings are very large, are of trees, parks, and not very pretty human beings, and are done in a frankly romantic manner. Minor art exhibitions in Paris have been showing nothing but stylistic imitations of what the major old men of the Ecole de Paris invented a generation ago. Mrs. Green's style is no imitation.

So the Paris season of June, 1950, is over, ending with the Quatorze Juillet merrymaking to honor the French Revolution. In the Place de la Concorde, the dancing went on until dawn. A few hours later, as a part of the traditional July 14th military parade there, seventy-two jet bombers screamed their way overhead. —GENÊT

•

a poem on contemporary morals ...

SPARROW HAWKS

by John Varney

The mystery stated at the beginning is solved canto by canto. If not the reader's solution, he can make his own. If the last part seems anti-climactic, it's because one writes less convincingly of hope than of the immediate scene.

The cantos are joined in a swift nursery-rime rhythm by re-charged themes of bird, "hippo" poet, lady symbol, personal and social sadism, youth, gaylaborer, etc. Today's artist is shown mired in a delta culture, refusing himself outlet to the sea. He's a peacock son, cliquish, morally frozen, bound in matted forms, but nearing a "gift-hung May."

Eliot, Pound, Stevens and others are dramatized by documented detail, quotation and thoughts in the speeches given to them. Damned less than in the recent SRL articles, they are here the destined instruments of a prismatic decaying Puritanism in which all of us are willy-nilly embedded.—*Release from William Frederick Press attached to a review copy of a book.*

Stand clear! We're coming out swinging.

•

ERUDITION ON CAPITOL HILL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. FORAND. What does the gentleman refer to as a nefarious bill? Will he identify that phrase?

MR. NICHOLSON. Yes; I will identify it as being this so-called sales tax that the gentleman is talking about.

MR. FORAND. When did you have a Federal sales tax bill?

MR. NICHOLSON. I did not have any.

MR. FORAND. You do not have one now either.

MR. NICHOLSON. What is it, if it is not a sales tax?

MR. FORAND. You have an excise tax which is in effect a sales tax.

MR. NICHOLSON. Shakespeare once said that a goat would smell the same no matter by what name you called him.

MR. FORAND. The gentleman is a scholar and understands that; I am not a scholar.

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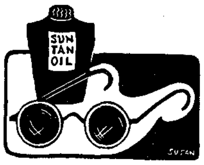
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



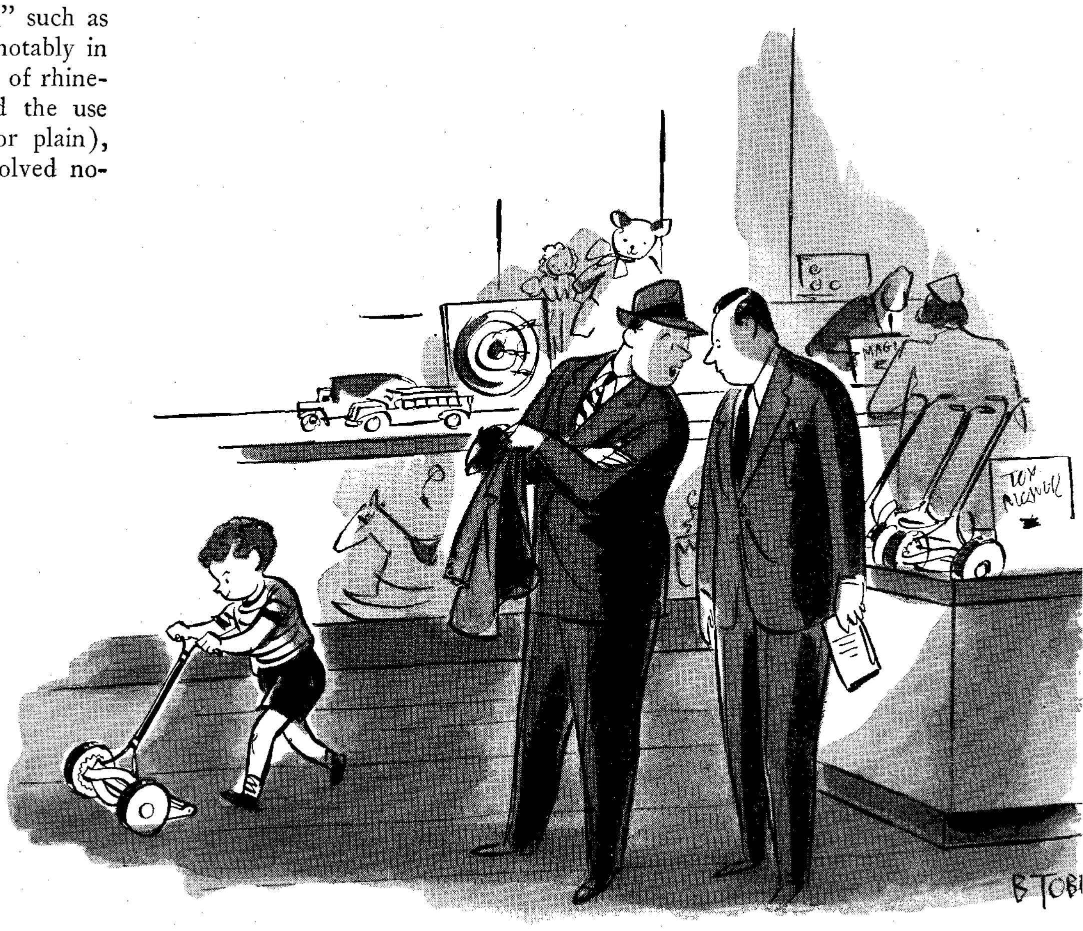
NEXT to bareheadedness, what arouses custom milliners to their greatest creative frenzy is the presence in practically every department store of blocked, untrimmed hat shapes that any clever customer can inexpensively doll up with a bit of veiling, a feather fancy, or a rhinestone clip. Reluctantly, the milliners admit that the aforesaid clever woman can look quite smart in her homemade finery; gamely, they face the fact that womankind in general is now after small, simple, uncomplicated hats that will sit securely on the head. To meet this challenge, many and intricate are the tricks employed by the custom hatters in their autumn collections, and even the most basic beret looks luxurious and expensive. This has been accomplished by using rich fabrics—sleek beavers and velours and hatter's plush and velvet and the silkiest of panne velvets; by reverting to the fine old French tradition of complex draping and tucks; by making more and more headpieces crushable, which takes real talent; and by a fervent devotion to "surface interest," such as hand embroidery, beading (notably in jet; I think you'll quickly tire of rhinestones and gold braid), and the use of flat feathers (lacquered or plain), passementerie, and other involved notions that are hard to fake at home and too expensive for the shops' Hat Bars.

Those beloved favorites—the pillbox, the cloche, the beret, the close-fitting cap, and so on—are still with us, but made wider and deeper. In fact, it is often difficult to tell one from another. Pillboxes are likely to be low across the top of the hairline but dip deep at the sides, and they frequently have points clinging to the head quite far down in back. Viewed from the front, the curve down toward the ears suggests that becoming cloche line. The tops are often soft, like a beret, and they cling like caps. And usually the "pillboxes" are wider than the widest part of the face—an architectural improvement that was long overdue—so that they won't give women a pinheaded look. Bergdorf's pillbox—a soft contraption in a dull-rose velours, with the depth at the back emphasized by a rose just above the nape—is a perfect example of all this.

Tweeds for town are staging a big comeback, and the hatters have rushed to meet *this* emergency with casual but worldly felts. Unfortunately, the best of these hats have been overlooked in the burst of rapture over that aggressive new phenomenon, the masculine fedora. I might as well dispose of this phenomenon now, but I'm sure that the buying public won't be far behind me. At the custom-hat shows, commentators coo at you that it's a man's world, that male plumage and clothing are more interesting than female clothes. Walter Florell, at his show, went so far as to state that men can't criticize women's hats any more, because they are replicas of their own. They can't, can't they? Well, woman's competition with man has already driven him far enough underground, and the fedora could be the final shove. It might be very nice for all women to look like Greta Garbo, but I contend that women who wear hats like hers will find that there is more to it than that. The new black capeskin fedoras with small snap brims are the most frightening, and they become ludicrous when done up with veils and rhinestone bands. Others pull way down on the head and manage to look both very glum and very bellicose. Irene of New York makes some nice, curvy fedoras that should be wonderful on feminine, kitten-faced girls, but even the most successful of the mannish hats should be tried on only when your most candid friend is along.

And now to go from impatience to enthusiasm, of a sort:

FOR the right person, Walter Florell's masculine hats, which are worn at a pleasing angle, have an insouciant elegance, what with their towering, tapered crowns, casually creased at the top, and small brims curled upward at one or both sides. Many slim suits of Empire persuasion, with very high collars flaring forward in points above the chin, are about to arrive in the shops; these hats give a nice length to the neck, and their height lifts the head away from the shoul-



"I don't suppose you have one that actually ***cuts*** *grass?"*

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ders in a fashion peculiarly appropriate to such clothes. Elaborate hatbands, scarves draped around the crowns and dangling a bit over the brim, or feathers shooting up the front or the back are used to soften these hats somewhat, and even the most severe ones look good in a combination of dark-gray felt and white kid. A number called Epsom, an adaptation of the topper worn by Englishmen at the races, has white kid piping the curled-up brim and swathing the crown. With it goes a snaffle that has jewelled clips to attach it to your lapel. Hmm. This one is a good example of Florell's nonchalant use of white kid, which he handles as neatly as if it were piqué. His small, crisp hats of white kid are to be accompanied by long white kid gloves. Of them, I liked a cap with self-covered buttons down one side, and was enchanted by a soft hat that has curves and points at the top vaguely suggesting a tricorne and that dips nicely against your hair across the back. For dress-up evenings, he has gone completely Rector's with a black velvet job that has black fox edging the sweeping brim in front. This one, which is about as masculine as Lillian Russell, is accompanied by a black fox muff, no less.

SALLY VICTOR wants men to shout "*Vive la différence!*" when they see one of her customers approaching, and she knows how to bring about this cheerful reaction. Her gayest hats for this fall are crown shapes with a faintly medieval accent. One is widish, with long scallops around the top; others have a V curving down toward the forehead in the center front; still others have a soft but squarish outline. Some are embroidered in bland Persian colors, or decked out with the most flamboyant beads (or the daintiest—one hat, which is all small white beads, need not be worn only by brides). Passementerie trims a bright-velvet one; black wool embroidery trims crown berets of pinkish-red kid. Others are of vivid felts or her beloved striped jerseys, sometimes with wool embroidery and beading. This is all really joyful stuff. But Victor's most skillful work is done with untrimmed beavers and plushy mohair felts, in muted coffees, grays, taupes, and the all-purpose blue she calls "indelible." Cunning tucks and drapery and that thing known as Line are rampant on these. Inventions she has entitled Umbrella Berets, in felt or velvet, are gathered above the hairline in front, flare out wide over the ears, and are flat and deep in back. In a mohair-felt group labelled Poodles are a beret shaped like a mortarboard and a cap on which wool yarn is looped to make a pompon beside one ear. They're called Poodles because the mohair felt looks like the clipped part of a poodle and the yarn looks like a poodle's ruffs. There are matching crocheted accessories, such as umbrella covers and gloves with fluffy trimmings to carry out the theme. To wear with tweeds, she offers cloches, with deep crowns and small brims, whose only decoration is outside tucks spiralling upward from the brim to form a little twist at the top of the crown. Some beautiful felt hats are draped forward to a peaked brim that skips off to one side. And two of the most engaging deep cloches in this part of the world appear in white beaver felt. One, with a peaked bonnet brim in front, has a coxcomb fold up the crown; the other has no back at all, and the tiny brim in front is a mass of box pleats.

FEMININITY will never vanish while Florence Reichman is around. She likes soft, unblocked, crushable hats, which she dresses up with rampaging ornaments designed for her in Paris. In these ornaments, feathers are much in the ascendancy, in every sense of the word. Back interest is everywhere; a cloche of black velours has a soft crown and a tiny, arched, sidewise brim, from which a brown feather fancy emphatically puffs out in back. (Black-and-brown combinations are prolific here.) Coq feathers loom up the back of a green velours cloche; another has a bonnet front with wings jutting toward the back. Reichman has borrowed some masculine ideas, but they come from the Middle Ages, when men dared to be volatile. Thus, soft berets of velours have feathers curling up one side, and there's a pageboy's cap with a rhinestone ornament between the brows. On other hats, feathers slant forward. Like everyone else, Reichman loves all-feather lids. One of hers is a tricorne with a point at the center front and a bow high across the back; another is like the traditional Pavlova white swan cap with wings down the sides. Reichman, too, is all for the revival of dressy, bright-colored hats with matching adornments. Hers are of panne in lime, say, with tiny panne flowers in clusters across the back of the head or next to one ear.

THERE is no face with a good bone structure that a Lilly Daché turban can't make magnificent. This year, she favors turbans that come well down on the head—close to one or both cheeks and covering one or both ears. She uses a tiny, slightly peaked brim of felt to keep them anchored over the hairline. Most of them are draped with fabric that goes back over the crown and becomes very full astern of it. Some of them round out like a baby's bonnet as they end at the nape of the neck; some are done in fez style. The stunt of the collection is a black silk jersey with a gold lamé cord at the edge; the whole thing can be crushed and worn like a deep pillbox, if that is your whim, or be pulled out in the back, like the others. A multicolored felt, all strips hand-stitched together, has a bow amidships above the forehead and comes down tight on both sides; others, easier to wear, fold down flat on one side and have a ripple of brim high on the other. Bicornes and tricornes are around the town in force. Daché shows a devil-may-care bicorne in black moire, with an inverted fold across the top. It's worn slightly tilted, and is dressed up with a nose veil. (Daché isn't willing to just let bicornes be bicornes.) There are also bicornes in velours, and one of them, turned back flat in front, in the customary way, suddenly folds forward at one side to graze the end of an eyebrow.

John-Frederics is a firm that sticks to picture hats whatever the time of year, and Mr. Fred's newest conceit is to make them reversible; hats with small, oval crowns and graceful, largish double brims often have black felt on red, or vice versa. For tweeds, he does hats with widish and wavy double brims in contrasting colors (brown velours with white felt, for instance). The crowns of these are very shallow. He also has luxurious large-brimmed ones for women who love to make entrances in the evening. These have an oval crown and about a two-inch brim in velvet, say; then stripped black quills flare out like the spokes of a wheel, or burnt-black peacock feathers spray out to make a vast, uneven circle. Mr. Fred is rabid about security in his small hats. Attachments descend as far as the nape of the neck, which should provide really solid anchorage, and often bits of them go even lower. Some, a result of his recent visit to Morocco (the original Morocco, that is), have lamé turban drapery that covers the ears and comes way down in back; tiny velvet pillboxes or tricornes are perched on top of them. The most interesting of these nape treatments is done with very narrow felt strips descending from a small hat, covering the back hair, and tying in a knot, like a Revolutionary wig. Another idea is wool yarns to make long scarf fringes dangling at one or both sides. A feverish version has purple yarn in a lattice over a mauve satin cap, with fringe down each side waiting to be braided, if you're that coy. At dressy cocktail parties and dinners, you needn't be a "Follies" beauty in one of his big transparent hats, for he also has smallish pastel ones of velours with ostrich ornamentation. Trimming trails from a squared-off bonnet with curved sides or sticks up from the flank of a sidewise cap—fragile, feminine, and not in the least ingénue.

When Laddie Northridge is overtaken by a passion for a fabric or an idea, he uses it in every possible shape and size and manner. Nothing could be more engaging than his simple, neutral felts combined with matching monotone feathers—Plymouth Rock, speckled gray guinea hen (which makes the round crown of a white or gray felt cloche), or pheasant. Taupe felt medium sailors and big, floppy hats all have feathered crowns. He admires the aplomb of hatter's plush, which he uses for small-crowned hats with large, curved brims, or medium-size Bretons, or little calottes, twisted forward to form a cornucopia at the side front. For the theatre, he does jewelled black velvet caps cut long on one side; a charmer has a brief eye veil and Vs projecting just above and just below the right eye. Other profile beret caps have jet fringe with ball ends all over a net foundation. Similarly fringed black above-elbow gauntlets go with these. For Those Tweeds, he has done wool jersey hats, sometimes with long matching jersey scarves trailing from one point or another, sometimes (as in the case of a white jersey bicorne with a tobacco felt crown) with a scarf coming down over the ears and the back of the head to the hairline and then tying snugly under the chin.

Mary Goodfellow's way of keeping back hair tidy is a coif, usually of veiling, that comes across the hair low in back, covers the ears, and ascends to a point at the hairline in front. Women who love hats to look precariously perched should like this idea; it makes possible flat velvet berets that seem to hang over one ear, as well as crown shapes that go across the top of the head. There are endless decorative effects—all kinds of jet embroidery and beading, rhinestones, and so forth. A veil coif has tiny red wings

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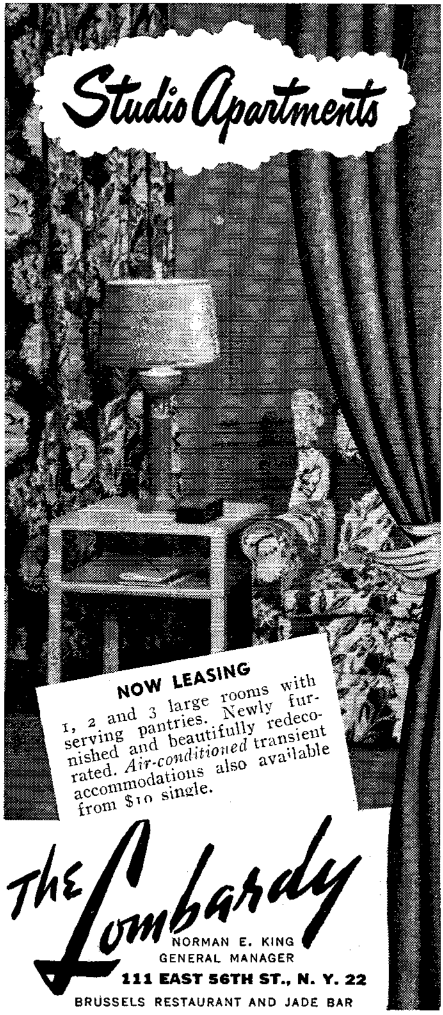
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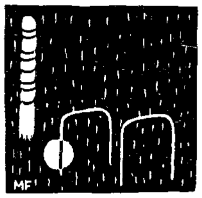
spattered over it to match the décor of the hat; a side-of-the-head beret has gold hearts to match the heart decorations on its veil. One black velvet coif almost entirely obscures the hairline, like the bolder Daché and Frederics turbans—not for schoolma'ams. Goodfellow's Duckshooter models, to go with tweeds, are novel and becoming. The sides of their brims fold back in points near the crown. This treatment is usually emphasized by contrasting colors or fabrics, such as gold felt with a black jersey facing. Sometimes little wings thrust forward through the front of the folds. And Goodfellow does some tantalizing things with deep cloches that have candid outside seams; one, of sulphur felt, has seams ending in Vs on top of the small black wool-jersey brim.



Braagaard is Spanish to the core this year. He uses lots of orange and Goya-red velvet with passementerie, ball fringe, and the like on widish pillboxes; curved wide berets are worn straight on the head, in Goya-ballerina fashion; and slightly canted wide tricornes have fringe dangling from a braid ornament on the flattish crown. Other large tricornes and bicornes—with curved brims, this time—may have a lacy masque embroidered on the face veil; the beauties of Seville inspired a tilted black velvet brimmed affair with a shallow crown and a rose under the brim next to one temple.

Robert Dudley has made a most beautiful tricorne without a touch of Geo. Washington severity about it. In fact, it's the sort worn by lovelorn Venetian belles just before they hurled themselves into the Adriatic. It's curved down to a decisive V at the center front; the other points are high on one side and low on the other—a winged, flowing, feminine confection of black velvet. (He'll make it in any size you like, of course, though the model is huge.) Dudley is adept at adult hats that are a liaison between New York and Paris. They're sort of Lady Furness style, sweeping low on one ear with the brim curled high on the opposite side. One comes in red bagheera with black Lyons-velvet facing, and there is no implication of the "little" hat about it. For the utmost in simplicity plus subtle detail, there's his black velours sidewise cap. Nothing to it, except that the dull reverse side of the velours is used to make various-size polka-dot inserts all over it. You can have the dots contrasting, if you insist on being obvious. But as it stands, it's fine.

Beauty-Parlor Folderol: The chicken-or-the-egg controversy is mild compared to the interplay between hairdressers and milliners, each craft attempting to buck what the other craft is doing. This year, John Hall, Bock-Schaeffer, and Marcel of Elizabeth Arden are saying that since mannish hats are on the wax, they must swing toward femininity, and all of them have said no to the shingle. Instead, they agree that hair should be a bit longer and should have soft curls at the hairline. Because hats are deeper and veils are being used to keep hair neat at the sides and at the back, set curls are, in general, out and smooth waves are in. For the same reason, upswept lines, even at the temples, are in abeyance. The cosmeticians, trying to get into the act, say that all upswept lines should be confined to the eyes, also to counteract any undue suggestion of masculinity. I can only urge you to go to a good salon for counsel before trying eye makeup at home. It *can* be made to look mysterious without looking artificial, even in the daytime. Eddie Senz, for a fee ($25), will give you a hair-styling and makeup instruction to fit you for your role (or would-be role) in life, just as he does for Hollywood actresses who are auditioning.

And while we are on the subject of cosmetics, where is there an old-fashioned orange lipstick? The hat shops are crowded with bright corals and yellows ranging from sulphur through sunset oranges and other colors suitable only for women with tawny skins. These females have had to wear the omnipresent blue-red lipsticks that are good solely for light-skinned women. Help is arriving; now there are some vivid-red lipsticks with a yellow, rather than a bluish, cast. One is de Markoff's Brilliant. (De Markoff also has a Brilliant Topaz, a vivid brown-red for auburn colorings.) Lenthéric's Tangerine, Helena Rubinstein's Orange Fire, and Charles of the Ritz's Tiger Lily are all worth trying. But they are red first and orange only incidentally. Where, I repeat, is the orange lipstick of old?
—Lois Long

•

Q. What is igneous rock?
A. Ewe's milk—unless they happen to be bottle babies.—*Wichita Falls* (*Texas*) *Daily Times.*

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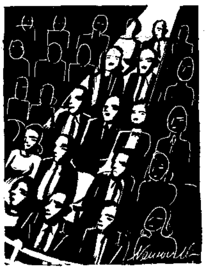
"OUR VERY OWN" poses a difficult problem—whether or not an adopted child should be informed, on arrival at its foster parents' home, or as soon thereafter as is practical, of its extra-familial origins. The way this picture goes about the business is a trifle discouraging, though. For at least a quarter of it, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn subjects us to his idea (the Goldwyn touch) of how the American middle class lives. The children of this segment of society intrude upon their elders incessantly, jabber like monkeys, and start ruffling their feathers in a love dance before they have conquered the intricacies of solid geometry. As photographed by Lee Garmes, the young lovers in "Our Very Own" nuzzle up to each other handsomely on land and sea, but it's hard to take their amours seriously, as the young lady in the case has yet to graduate from high school and the young gentleman has yet to progress in the world beyond the point of putting up television aerials.



Once it has been established that the amorous adolescents (Ann Blyth and Farley Granger) are a team potentially as high-voltage as Héloïse and Abélard, however, "Our Very Own" gets down to dire drama: Miss Blyth is informed by her jealous foster sister that her bloodlines are dubious. This stuns her, and she carries on something terrible until she finally decides that it is better to have been chosen by one's parents than to have come along in the usual fashion. Miss Blyth somehow works this into her graduation speech at a Los Angeles high school, in which she proves that people born in this country never think ponderously enough about the privilege of being citizens. This may also be a touch of the Goldwyn touch, for all I know. Besides Mr. Granger and Miss Blyth, the cast of this determinedly lovable number includes Joan Evans, Donald Cook, Ann Dvorak, and Jane Wyatt.

THE evils of betting on horses are delineated in something called "711 Ocean Drive." Every time you put down a couple of bucks, it would seem, all kinds of sinister wheels begin to turn, and before you know it, your kindly bookie is in the hands of the syndicate, ladies are losing their virtue, and huge parcels of California are being operated as race tracks by absentee owners in Chicago. It is a peculiar fact about this exposé of horseplaying that it treats the bookies involved as though they were sturdy little businessmen, constantly and sometimes fatally oppressed by the wire-service operators who facilitate their endeavors. This is doubtful, as is the picture's insistence that the police are ever on the alert to stop illegal betting at any cost. The producer of this affair has seen fit to tee off with a foreword pointing out that it took the collective efforts of the federal, local, and Boulder Dam cops to make the picture possible (the piece ends in a chase at the dam), and Senator Wiley, of Wisconsin, shows up at the start to remark that Washington is ready, willing, and able to stop betting, no matter what the customers, who risk eight billion dollars annually, think about it. To get specific about "711 Ocean Drive," it is a rather silly melodrama, and I hope you won't give up taking the *Morning Telegraph* or *Daily Racing Form* because of it. As the leading character, Edmond O'Brien is as subtle as a Bessemer steel converter, and the rest of the mob—Joanne Dru, Donald Porter, and Sammy White—aren't too lighthearted, either.

IN "The Duchess of Idaho," Van Johnson, who is supposed to be an orchestra leader, gets to running around with Esther Williams, who is supposed to be an actress. I am unable to comment on the plausibility of the former proposition, but that of the latter is unlikely in the extreme. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

YELLS WE DOUBT EVER GOT YELLED

[*From the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*]

...Now, with the Pirates rather deep in the cellar, they are being applauded like winners.

One veteran supporter yelled:

"The youngsters like O'Connell, Bell, Beard, Coogan, Turner and one or two others are the type of players that win the boosts from the patrons of the game."

•

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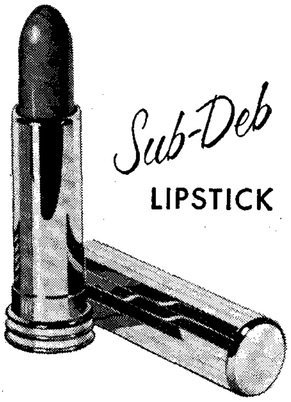

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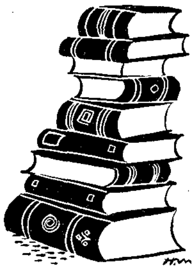
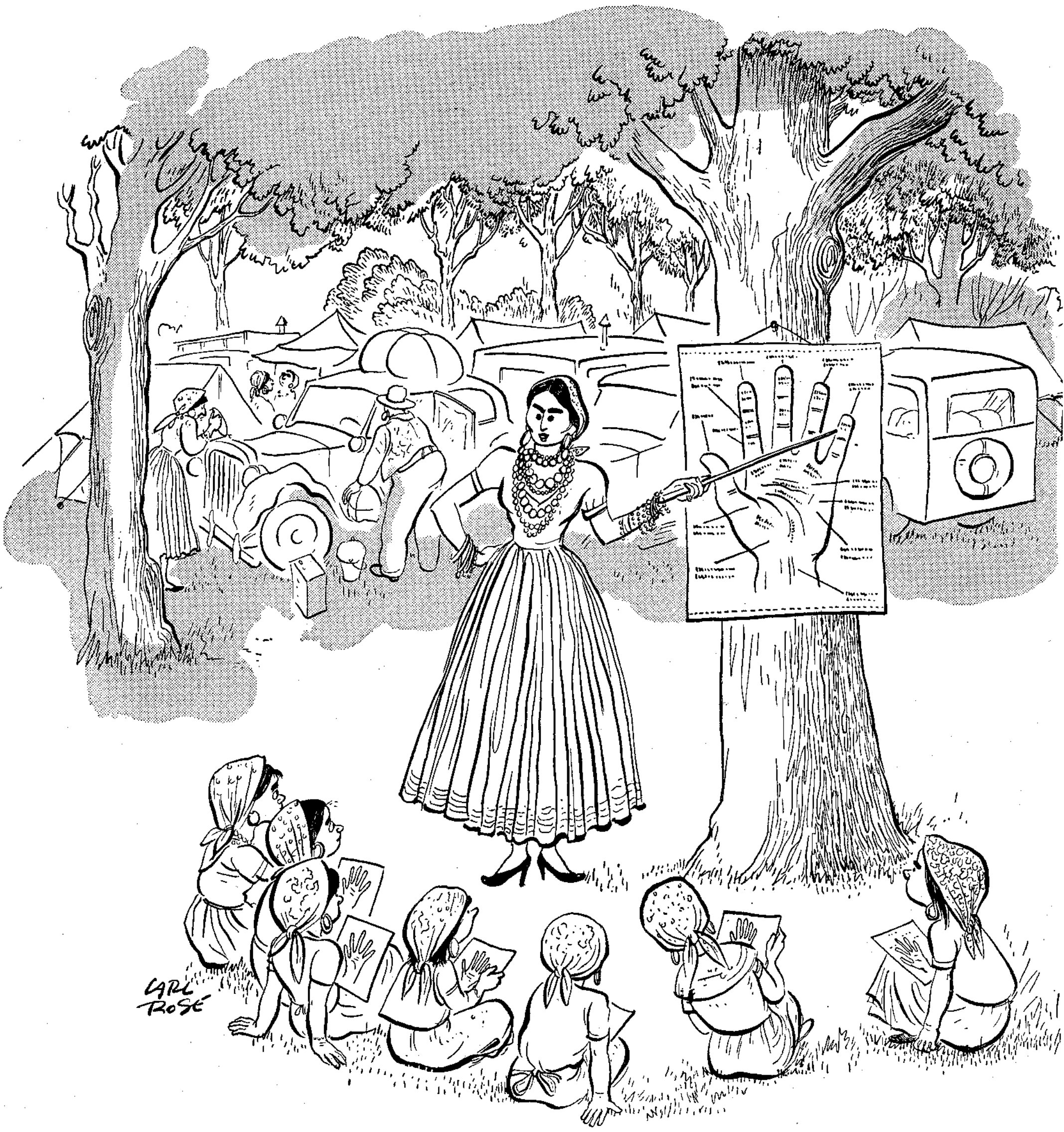


THE publication, some months ago, of an anthology edited by G. D. H. Cole and called "The Essential Samuel Butler" (Dutton) appears to have caused all the excitement of a pebble dropped into the Grand Canyon. I find this hard to understand. Granted that we are a little weary of revivals and that Butler is not as fashionable as he used to be, it is still difficult to believe that interest in him has fallen far enough to warrant the indifference that has been the chief reward of Mr. Cole's quite excellent anthology. Mr. Cole seems to have been aware of what was in store for him. "How great a man Butler was," he writes in his introduction, "or what future generations will make of him it is not very fruitful to ask. His contemporaries, save a few, left him severely alone, except for 'Erewhon,' which they regarded simply as a whimsey. After his death, he had a most prompt renascence, due mainly to the publication of 'The Way of All Flesh,' but also, not a little, to Bernard Shaw. Then he sank again, except for a limited, but devoted, flock of admirers, who got older without attracting an adequate inflow of young recruits."

This is as good a summing up of what has happened to Butler's reputation as can be made. But a writer has to enlist his own recruits; he can't depend on his admirers to go around drumming them up for him. My notion is that Butler, especially in the schools and universities, is considered a one-book man—"The Way of All Flesh," of course—and that happens to be the wrong book upon which to base his claim to contemporary attention. "The Way of All Flesh" is now generally regarded as Butler's chief accomplishment, a great novel and perhaps a classic. Mr. Cole, whose admiration for Butler does not keep him from being one of his most sensible critics, thinks so highly of it that he has inserted a large part of it in his anthology. Not having read the novel in years, I had a look at it in its complete form, and I am afraid that I can't agree about its greatness. It is full of good, even wonderful, things, but on the whole it seems to me to represent what might be called the seamier side of Trollope. There is more to it than that, naturally—an anatomy of tyranny, the only successful gallery of people in Butler's repertory, and a marvellous insight into some of the forces that shaped him as a writer and as a man. Then, too, it has an enormous importance in that it was the seminal forerunner of all the modern novels of "revolt." But as a work of the literary imagination, as a novel, it doesn't measure up to the eulogies that have been paid it. In its earlier, autobiographical chapters, when Butler is writing out of his own experience, the book is on a remarkably high level, but later, as Mr. Cole points out, when Butler has to rely upon his imagination, it runs downhill, and then finally peters out.

And this, I think, touches upon Butler's chief failing. Nobody can truthfully say that he lacked imagination, but there is doubt that he had *enough* imagination. "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited," which is not included in the anthology, are, like "The Way of All Flesh," admirable in many respects. They are worth reading even though the subjects of Butler's satire, conventional religion and the Darwinian theory, are no longer the most exciting targets in the world. But to get to the good things one has to wade through some pretty dull stuff. Both books are extremely spotty; they sag



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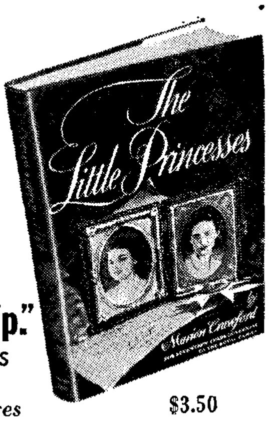

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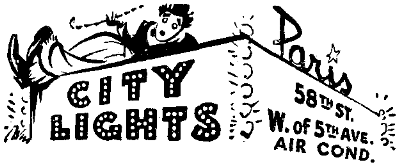
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more than they soar. The same fault may be found with Butler's poetry, which is adequately represented in the volume Mr. Cole has assembled (whatever Butler was, he wasn't a poet), and with his prose translation, also reproduced, of "The Odyssey." This last is a work from which all life has fled.

If this were all there is to Butler—a not entirely successful novel, two outmoded satires that are saved only by occasional passages, some uninspired poetry, and a dull translation of the "Odyssey"—the neglect he suffers would be deserved. It is not all, however: The man had a sort of genius. It could be called the genius of the aside—the passing observation and the incidental remark. More than anything else, his asides give his prose writings such stature as they have. And it is in his two collections of asides, "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" and "Further Extracts from the Note-Books of Samuel Butler," that he reaches the highest point of his accomplishment. Here are a few samples from them, culled by Mr. Cole:

> Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants, and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both.
>
> *A Lawyer's Dream of Heaven.* Every man reclaimed his own property at the resurrection, and each tried to recover it from all his forefathers.
>
> Life is one long process of getting tired.
>
> *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* There is only one thing vainer and that is the having no wishes.
>
> America was too big to have been discovered all at one time. It would have been better for the graces if it had been discovered in pieces about the size of France and Germany at a time.

But brilliant though these short takes are, they are apt to give the impression that Butler was only a high-brow gagman. This he was, as is his most noted disciple, George Bernard Shaw, but, like Shaw, he encompasses a large range. My only quarrel with Mr. Cole is that in making his selections from the "Note-Books" he did not include some of the longer, weightier notes, which are in the form of little essays and in which we get Butler's real substance. This substance is an inspired common sense, the same common sense, or common sense plus, that we find in La Rochefoucauld, Voltaire, Montaigne, Bacon, and, to go back to ancient history, Epictetus. Neither Butler nor any other of these writers is in particular favor at the moment, and one wonders whether even inspired common sense is

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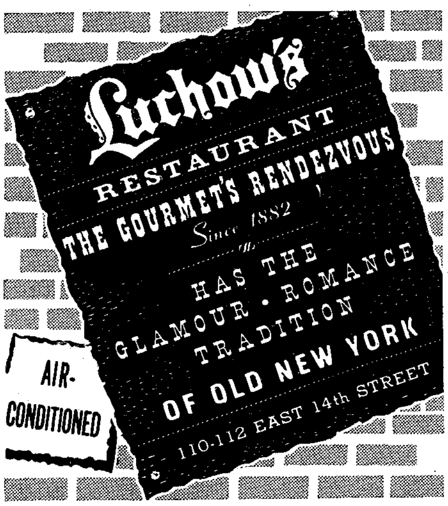

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valued as highly as it used to be. If it is, or if it ever should be again, Samuel Butler must surely come into his own.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR, by Louise A. Stinetorf (Westminster). The exploits of a medical missionary named Ellen Burton, related, rather haphazardly, in the first person. When Miss Burton, a trained nurse from the Middle West, first reaches her post in the Belgian Congo, some twenty-five years ago, she is nonplussed and annoyed by the ingrown, touchy behavior of her fellow-missionaries. Their attitude persists until she is able to go out on her own and to perform deeds of medical and physical derring-do that win over both her associates and the natives. Although the author, via Miss Burton, has some very sharp things to say about the habits of explorers on "million-dollar safaris," her novel resembles in many respects the breathless chronicles of jungle life turned out by these very villains. The Literary Guild selection for August.

THE DEAD STAY YOUNG, by Anna Seghers. (Little, Brown). A very long novel, toneless, gray, and full of names—but with no principal character worth mentioning—about Germany from World War I to World War II. Miss Seghers has worked executions, tortures, births, betrayals, and a few courtships into a shredded plot that seems designed for skipping through but not for following with any degree of attention or sympathy.

TIME OF HOPE, by C. P. Snow (Macmillan). The second in a projected series of interrelated novels—the first was "The Light and the Dark"—that propose, rather ambitiously, to give an over-all view of the various strata of present-day English society. In this instance, Mr. Snow has chosen as his narrator a young man from a provincial town who, after considerable adolescent teeth-gritting, decides to become a barrister in London. His progress is, of course, a painful one; it is marked by lack of funds, illness, and a marriage almost as calamitous as that contracted by his spiritual cousin, Maugham's Philip Carey. The story is told in leisurely and impeccable prose, out of which rises, at intervals, a faint but perceptible whine of self-pity, leading one to suspect that the results would have been much the same had the young man stayed home and tackled a less high-flown program.

GENERAL

JOHN MILTON, by Rex Warner (Chanticleer). The Personal Portrait series, of which this book is the first volume to be published in this country, is a commendable English project for getting well-known writers to do "the biography I would most like to write." This sample is a very personal portrait indeed. Warner defines his purpose as "to give, together with a short biography, a few personal impressions, nearly all proceeding from the great admiration I have always felt for this poet." Since he does not enjoy "finding fault with the great," Warner likes everything Milton ever wrote or did, and he concludes on a fine, high, Milton-thou-shouldst-be-with-us-at-this-hour note. Appealing, well written, beautifully printed and illustrated, and pretty thin.

ISAAC NEWTON, by E. N. Da C. Andrade (Chanticleer). This, the second volume in the Personal Portrait series to appear here, is a clear and readable account of Newton and his work by a distinguished atomic physicist. Professor Andrade contends—and reinforces his contention with a battery of quotations from other admirers of Newton—that he was the greatest scientist who ever lived. Greatest or not, he was certainly the strangest; he made his three momentous discoveries—the calculus, the laws of celestial mechanics, and the laws of optics—all within two years in his early twenties and spent much of the rest of his life in rancorous flight from science, writing theology. It will reassure modern readers to know that when Newton's "Principia" appeared, only three or four of his contemporaries could understand it. Professor Andrade says he has aimed at nothing more than writing the sort of book about a scientist he would have liked to read in his youth. If he has failed to penetrate the mystery of Newton's sick and singular genius, he has at least succeeded admirably in that modest intention.

•

Ferenc Molnar—whose "Liliom" became America's greatest hit as the musical "Oklahoma!"—is an experienced hotel dweller.—*Park East.*

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